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Embellishment:

PORTRAIT OF MARY RANDOLPH:

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OUTLINE OF LITTLE WONDER: ON WOOD BY CHILDS.

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VOL. XI. 28

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

WOULD that we had a thousand correspondents like our friend "D."! It needed not that he should disclaim interest or ill will, as he has done in his communication in the present number; the elements of kindness and generosity were never more beautifully mingled in the human heart, than in our correspondent's. Could he but find time to write as he converses—a ceaseless flow of anecdote, of wit, of shrewd remark, of cordial feeling—his letters would be priceless. Such stores of interesting reminiscence are rarely possessed by a single individual on any one subject: with "D." all themes are alike, and he equally amuses whether he discourses of History or Hunting, of Politics or Race Horses, of Cock-fighting, Philosophy, or "Pretty Women." By the hour have we listened to him while in amicable disputation with an accomplished disciple of Esculapius from the far South—deep in the mysteries of the circulation of the blood in neat-stock; now would they discourse on the stoutness of the English horse compared with our own, now of a theory on the shedding of "short-staple," now of the hereditary transmission of accidental injuries to the eye of the horse, now of the infusion of one-sixteenth cold-blood to insure a four-miler, and then would they be off upon Poetry, Ayrshire Cattle, Physic, or Blue Grass. What flashes of wit, what brilliant repartee, what theorizing, what exposure of theories by stubborn facts! Both our friends have forgotten somewhat the terms on which they parted from us, or our pages would have borne more ample testimony to their powers of analysis—of abstraction!! May we not hope with confidence that they will renew their friendly disputations in these pages, where they are ever so welcome!

A list of the Blood Stock of William B. Green, Esq., of Charlotte C. H., Va., will appear in the September number of the Register.

The Third Day of Spring Snipe Shooting is already in the Compositors' hands, for the next number.

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MEMOIR OF MARY RANDOLPH,

THE PROPERTY OF MR. JAMES B. KENDALL, OF BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

With Notices of her Produce.

THE readers of the "Turf Register" are this month presented with a portrait of Mary Randolph—a fine brood mare belonging to Mr. James B. Kendall, of Baltimore. She is entitled to a place in our gallery of pictures, from her own brilliant performances on the Turf, and as a tried and approved brood mare. As a three-year-old, she had a more enviable reputation than any thing of her year, and her performances contributed more than those of any other of his get, to the great value at that time set upon her sire, Gohanna.

Mary Randolph is a grey mare, sixteen hands high, and was foaled 13th March, 1829. She was got by Gohanna (son of Sir Archy, out of Merino Ewe by Imp. Jack Andrews,) her dam by Independence, grandam Meg of Wapping by Bedford (son of Dungannon), great grandam the imported mare Alexandria, bred by Mr. Kidd in England.

Independence was got by Quicksilver, his dam by Handel, grandam by Spanking Roger, out of the imported mare Polly Peachem.

Quicksilver was got by the imported horse Old Medley, his dam by Virginia-bred Wildair (the son of Imported Fearnought), grandam by Imported Shark, out of Col. S. Overton's full-bred Jolly Roger and Valiant mare.

Before entering upon the Record of Mary Randolph's performances, we copy a brief notice of her half sister, Annette, by Sir Charles, from an early volume of the "Turf Register," to show that she comes of a racing family. A correspondent at that time thus sums up her races:—

Annette, by Sir Charles, (three times a winner at the Central Course,) won several sweepstakes in capital time at three years old, beating the best colts in Virginia—Malcolm, Mercury, and others. Next year ran several excellent races; at Newmarket took the first heat, two miles, in 3:50; but was beat the race by James Cropper taking the second and third heats in 3:50 and 3:54. At Tree Hill she beat Dashall, two mile heats; and next day, in three heats, was beat by Bayard; (but she beat the famed Trifle, winner of the first heat). She beat him the two mile heats at Norfolk, in 3:47 and 3:50; and at the Central Course she won the three mile heats, in three heats, beating O'Kelly, Restless, and Sparrowhawk, winning the two last heats in 5:54 and 5:57. At Charleston, S. C., the ensuing winter, she won the first heat, three miles, from the famed Bertrand Junior, in 5:45. At five years old, among other races, she beat Tuberose and General Brooke, two mile heats, at Tree Hill, winning the second and third heats in 3:56 each; and won the four mile heats at the Central Course, beating O'Kelly (a second time), Miss Mattie, Pizarro and Busiris. She was a winner ten times: but never ran a good race after being beat (a few weeks after her Central Course victory, the same autumn,) by Tychicus, at Tree Hill.

Public running is the best criterion of the powers of the race-horse. Without further comment, therefore, we enter upon the ca-

reer of Mary Randolph upon the Turf, of which we have compiled the most perfect record in our power :—

Tree Hill, Va., Friday, May 11, 1832—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Nine subs. at $200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

W. H. Roane's gr. f. *Mary Randolph*, by Gohanna	1	1
J. W. Winfree's b. c. by Gohanna	2	2

Time, 1:53—1:57.

Fairfield, Va., Wednesday, Oct. 31, 1832—Proprietor's Purse $300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Isham Puckett's gr. m. *Mary Randolph*, by Gohanna, 3 yrs	1	1
W. H. Minge's b. h. May-Day, by Sir Archy, dam by Hornet, 6 yrs	3	2
Thomas Doswell's gr. h. Traffic, by Sir Charles, out of Sally Brown, 5 yrs	2	3
Richard Adams' ch. f. Pet, by Gohanna, 3 yrs	4	4
J. J. Harrison's b. c. Tam o' Shanter, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Shylock, 3 yrs	5	dist.

Time, 3:55—3:54.

Norfolk, Va., Wednesday, Nov. 7, 1832—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Thirteen subs. at $100 each, P. P. Two mile heats.

C. Belcher's gr. f. *Mary Randolph*, by Gohanna	1	1
Wm. R. Johnson's gr. f. Blue Bird, by Medley	5	2
O. P. Hare's gr. f. Whortleberry, by Contention	4	3
J. J. Harrison's b. c. Tam o' Shanter, by Mons. Tonson	2	dist.
J. M. Bott's ch. f. Method, by Hotspur	3	dist.
Charles Hatcher's ch. g. Northwest, by Sir Archy Jr.	6	dist.
John White's ch. m. Eliza Drake, by Shawnee, dam by Saltram		dist.

Time, 4:08—4:00.

Same Place, Friday, Nov. 9, 1832—Purse $1000, with an Inside Stake of seven subs. at $500 each, P. P., for all ages; weights same as at Fairfield. Four mile heats.

Wm. Wynn's gr. f. *Mary Randolph*, by Gohanna, 3 yrs	1	1
J. J. Harrison's ch. h. Goliah, by Eclipse, 5 yrs	2	2
Wm. R. Johnson's ch. m. Annette, by Sir Charles, 5 yrs	3	3
Jas. S. Garrison's b. c. Zinganee, by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	4	4
Henry Maclin's b. m. Jane Shore, by Sir Archy, 5 yrs		dist.

Time, 8:44—8:43.

Tree Hill, Va., Wednesday, Nov. 14, 1832—Stallion Stakes, weights as before: Two mile heats.

John M. Botts' gr. f. *Mary Randolph*, by Gohanna	1	1
Wm. R. Johnson's gr. f. Blue Bird, by Medley	3	2
O. P. Hare's gr. f. Whortleberry, by Contention	2	dr
T. Watson's b. h. Sir Walter Scott, by Mons. Tonson (lame)	4	dr

Time, 3:55—3:50.

She had thus far won for her owners in her three-year-old form, upwards of $6000, and was held at a higher price than anything of the same age at that time on the Turf. Towards the end of this year, a Northern Turfman, "a man of spirit and means," offered for her the sum of $5000, which was refused; her owners demanded $2500 more.

She came out the next Spring at Tree Hill, Va., and won the Proprietor's Purse of $300, as by the record below :—

Tree Hill, Va., Wednesday, April 24, 1833—Proprietor's Purse $300, for all ages, weights as before. Two mile heats.

Wm. Wynn's gr. f. *Mary Randolph*, by Gohanna, 4 yrs	1	1
O. P. Hare's b. f. Kate Kennon, by Contention, 4 yrs	5	2
John C. Goode's b. c. Tuscumbia, by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	4	3
James M. Selden's b. c. by Sir Charles, 4 yrs	2	4
Thomas Doswell's b. f. Sting, by Tariff, 4 yrs	6	3
John M. Botts' ch. c. Backslider, by Hotspur, 4 yrs	3	dr
Mr. Williamson's c. Platoff, by Tariff, 4 yrs	7	dr

Time, 4:03—4:10.

"After this race she travelled from Richmond to the Central Course, near Baltimore, where, owing to the incessant heavy rains, and the deep and miry state of the ground upon which that course and exercise ground was laid out, being a clay soil, she had not an opportunity of taking her proper work; and the state of the Central Course, rendered very deep and dangerous, prevented her owner from running her. From thence she proceeded to the Union Course, Long Island, a further distance of two hundred miles, when the continuance of rain again interrupted her exercise. She neverthe-

less started, although not in proper condition, and was beaten, (for the first time), as appears by the record below."

New York, Union Course, L. I., Wednesday, May 29, 1833—Jockey Club Purse, with the Inside Stakes, $2750, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Four mile heats.

John C. Stevens' gr. h. O'Kelly, by Eclipse, out of Empress, 6 yrs	1	2	1	
Bela Badger's b. h. Uncle Sam, by John Richards, dam by Oscar, 5 yrs	3	1	2	
Robert L. Stevens' ch. m. Celeste, by Henry, out of Cinderella, 6 yrs	6	5	3	
William Wynn's gr. f. *Mary Randolph*, by Gohanna, dam by Independence, 4 yrs.	2	3	4	
Capt. Stockton's b. m. Miss Mattie, by Sir Archy, out of Blackghost, 5 yrs	4	4	dist.	
John M. Botts' b. c. Tobacconist, by Gohanna, out of Yankee Maid, 4 yrs	5	dr		

Time, 8:02—8:06—8:08.

Broad Rock, Va., Sept. 27, 1833—Jockey Club Purse $500, free for all ages, Virginia weights, Three mile heats.

Wm. R. Johnson's ch. f. Trifle, by Sir Charles, 4 yrs	1	1	
James S. Garrison's ch. h. Mohawk, by Shawnee, 5 yrs	3	2	
John C. Goode's b. h. Rowgally, by Arab, 5 yrs	4	3	
Wm. Wynn's gr. f. *Mary Randolph*, by Gohanna, 4 yrs	2	4	
John M. Botts' Douglass, by Gohanna, 4 yrs	5	dist.	

Time, 5:58—5:51.

Newmarket, Va., Oct. 11, 1833—Jockey Cub Purse $600, for all ages, Virginia weights, Four mile heats.

James S. Garrison's ch. h. Mucklejohn, by Mucklejohn, 6 yrs	9	5	1	1
Wm. M. West's b. f. Lady Sumner, by Shawnee, 4 yrs	2	1	3	2
James J. Harrison's ch. m. Tuberose, by Arab, 5 yrs	1	2	4	3
O. P. Hare's ch. h. Mohawk, by Shawnee, 5 yrs	6	4	2	*
Wm. Wynn's gr. f. *Mary Randolph*, by Gohanna, 4 yrs	3	3	5	*
Henry A. Tayloe's ch. m. Multiflora, by Mason's Rattler	4	dr		
Wm. R. Johnson's ro. c. Calculation, by Contention, 4 yrs	5	dist.		
John C. Goode's b. h. Rowgally, by Arab, 5 yrs	7	dr		
C. S. Morris' b. h. Merab, by Arab, 5 yrs	8	dist.		
Hector Davis's ch. m. Dolly Dixon, by Sir Charles, 6 yrs	dist.			
J. M. Botts' br. c. Douglass, by Gohanna, 4 yrs	dist.			

Time, 8:06—8:08—8:14—8:48. * Ruled out.

Broad Rock, Va., Thursday, April 17, 1834—Proprietor's Purse $200, for all ages, Virginia weights. Two mile heats.

Wm. R. Johnson's gr. c. Cadet, by Medley, 4 yrs	3	3	1	1
John. M. Botts' b. h. Rolla, by Gohanna, 5 yrs	5	1	2	2
James B. Kendall's gr. m. *Mary Randolph*, by Gohanna, 5 yrs	1	4	4	3
James S. Garrison's ch. h. De Witt Clinton, by Thornton's Rattler, aged	4	6	3	*
C. J. Morris' b. h. Murat, by Arab, 5 yrs	6	5	5	*
O. P. Hare's b. f. Fairy, by Tariff, 4 yrs	2	2	dist.	

Time, 3:54—3:55—3:53—4:02. * Ruled out.

Timonium, ——, Saturday, May 17, 1834—For the Subscription Plate, value $500, Two mile heats.

There were but two entries for this Plate, viz.: Jas. B. Kendall's gr. m. *Mary Randolph*, and Mr. Garrison's ch. m. Eliza Drake. Mr. Kendall having withdrawn his mare on the morning of the race, she being out of order, by consent of Mr. Garrison the race did not come off.

Baltimore, Md., Central Course, Thursday, May 23, 1834—Proprietor's Purse $500, for all ages. Virginia weights. Three mile heats.

J. M. Botts' b h. Tobacconist, by Gohanna, out of Yankee Maid, 5 yrs	1	1	
J. B. Kendall's gr. m. *Mary Randolph*, by Gohanna, 5 yrs	3	2	
Gen. Gibson's ch. h. Tyrant, by Gohanna, dam by Tom Tough, 5 yrs	4	3	
J. C. Gittings' b. h. Duke of Orleans, by Sumter, dam by Whip, 6 yrs	2	dr	
Wm. R. Johnson's gr. c. Cadet, by Medley, 4 yrs	5	dist.	

Time, 5:59—5:56.

Hanover C. H., Va., Saturday, Sept. 20, 1834—Poststakes for all ages, Virginia weights. Sub. $200 each. Two mile heats.

James B. Kendall's gr. m. *Mary Randolph*, by Gohanna, 5 yrs	1	1	
Jas. S. Garrison's ch. h. Orange Boy, by Sir Archy, dam by Citizen, 5 yrs	3	2	
Wm. Williamson's b. h. Rapid, by Thornton's Rattler—Blemish by Gracchus, 6 yrs	2	3	

Time, 4:17—4:15. Closely contested. Track heavy.

Having thus closed her career upon the Turf, in the Spring of the following year, 1835, Mary Randolph entered the breeding stud. She was first bred to Imp. Tranby, and brought Lady Canton. Lady Canton came out three times last year, and the following is the record of her performances:—

Tree Hill, Va., Tuesday, April 30, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, the get of Imp. Tranby, Chateau Margaux, and Whale, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Forty-one subs. at $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

I. Puckett's (R. M. Royster's) b. c. by Imp. Tranby—Lady Charles by Sir Charles.	2	1	1
Dr. Goodwyn's (Merritt's) br. c. by Imp. Chat. Margaux—Caledonia by Sir Charles.	1	2	2
Jas. B. Kendall's gr. f. *Lady Canton*, by Imp. Tranby—Mary Randolph by Gohanna.	3	3	3
Thos. Doswell's b. f. by Imp. Tranby, out of Lady Rowland	5	dist.	
Col. Wm. Wynn's b. f. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Flirtilla by Sir Archy	4	dr	

Time. 1:56—1:54—2:00.

Trenton, N J., Eagle Course, Tuesday, May 28, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Four subs. at $300 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

J. B. Kendall's gr. f *Lady Canton*, by Imp. Tranby—Mary Randolph by Gohanna	2	1	1	
W. B. Stockton's Imp. ch. c. Passaic, by Reveller, out of Rachel by Moses	1	2	2	
J. H. Hellings' (for Owners) ch. c. by Star, out of Melinda	3	dist.		
W. B. Stockton's Imp. bl. c. Cumberland, by Camel, out of Matilda by Orville	pd.ft.			

Time, 1:52—1:57½—2:01.

Baltimore, Md., Kendall Course, Tuesday, Oct. 8, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Five subs. at $300 each, $100 ft. Two mile heats.

Wm. Gibbons' bl. c. Mariner, by Shark, out of Bonnets o' Blue by Sir Charles	3	3	1	1
David McDaniel's b. c. by Imp. Whale, dam by Timoleon	1	2	4	2
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. c. John Hunter, by Shark—Coquette by Sir Archy	4	1	3	dr
Col. F. Thompson's (Col. F. C. Green's) b.f. by Imp. Autocrat—Laura by Rob Roy	2	4	2	*
J. B. Kendall's gr. f. *Lady Canton*, by Imp. Tranby—Mary Randolph by Gohanna	5	dr.		

Time, 3:49—3:49—3:56—4:03. Track heavy. * Ruled out.

This year, too, she has started four times, having been entered for a fifth race, but drawn. Below is the record:—

Washington, D. C., Tuesday, May 6, 1840—Purse $100, ent. $20, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

Col. W. R. Johnson's ch. c. Joe Allen, by Goliah, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs	1	1
Col. F. Thompson's ch. m. by Sussex, out of Ann Page's dam, 5 yrs	6	2
Dr. G. L. Stockett's b. h. Gustavus, by Sussex, out of Roseville, 5 yrs	3	3
Jas. B. Kendall's gr. f. *Lady Canton*, by Imp. Tranby, out of Mary Randolph, 4 yrs.	2	4
W. H. Sheppard's b. h. Columbus, by Columbus, dam by Catton, 5 yrs	4	5
Mr. Worthington's (Mr. Adams') ch. h. Red Rat, by Sir Charles, d. by Sir Hal, aged.	5	dist.
Mr. Holmead's ch. h. Red Fox, by Mason's Rattler, out of a Selim mare, aged	dist.	
Mr. Queen's (G. H. Bell's) Hornet, 6 yrs	dist.	
Mr. McGregor's ch. f. Fanny, by Gimcrack, dam by Escape, 4 yrs	dist.	

Time, 1:50—1:52. Track heavy.

Baltimore, Md., Kendall Course, Thursday, May 14, 1840—Proprietor's Purse $300, ent. $15, conditions as above, Two mile heats.

J. D. Kirby's b. c. Camden, by Shark, out of Imp. Invalid by Whisker, 4 yrs	5	1	1
C. S. W. Dorsey's (R. J. Worthington's) b. c. Astor, by Ivanhoe, d. by Tripit, 4 yrs.	1	2	2
B. G. Harris' b. c. Sam Houston, by Imp. Autocrat, out of Lady Amelia, 4 yrs	7	4	3
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's b. c. Telemachus, by Eclipse, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs	6	3	4
Jas. B. Kendall's gr. f. *Lady Canton*, by Imp. Tranby, out of Mary Randolph, 4 yrs	3	dist.	
Townes & Williamson's b. f. Cameo, by Imp. Tranby, dam by Buzzard, 4 yrs	2	dr	
Dr. Geo. L. Stockett's b. h. Gustavus, by Sussex, dam by Rattler, 5 yrs	4	dr	
H. Sheppard's b. h. Columbus, by Columbus, dam by Catton, 5 yrs	8	dr	

Time, 3:50—3:47½—3:48.

Camden Course, Thursday, May 21, 1840—Purse $100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

Jas. B. Kendall's gr. f. *Lady Canton*, by Imp. Tranby, out of Mary Randolph, 4 yrs	1	1
O. P. Hare's b. f. Cameo, by Imp. Tranby, dam by Buzzard, 4 yrs	2	2
D. Tom's (Mr. Coleman's) ch. c. Borak, by Andrew—Trifle's dam by Cicero, 4 yrs	dist.	
W. Green's b. m. by Prizefighter, 5 yrs	dist.	

Time, 1:59—2:11.

At Trenton, N. J., Eagle Course, Thursday, May 28, 1840, *Lady Canton* was withdrawn for the Two mile Purse of $500.

Same Course—Same day—Purse $300, free for all ages, Camden Course weights, Mile heats.

Col. W. R. Johnson's b. c. John Hunter, by Shark—Coquette by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	0	1	1
Jas. B. Kendall's gr. f. *Lady Canton*, by Imp. Tranby, out of Mary Randolph, 4 yrs	0	2	2

Time, 1:49—1:50½—1:51.

We come now to the performances of Hector Bell, one of the most promising three-year-olds of the season. He was got by Drone, who, it will be recollected, is by Monsieur Tonson, out of Isabella (the dam of Picton, Anvil, and other good ones,) by Sir Archy.

Washington, D. C., Tuesday, May 6, 1840—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at $200 each, $75 ft. Mile heats.

Jas. B. Kendall's gr. c. *Hector Bell*, by Drone, out of Mary Randolph	1	1	
Wm. Gibbons' ch. f. Fairy, by Henry, out of Firefly by Imp. Barefoot	2	2	
N. Luffborough's b. c. Tangent, by Ace of Diamonds—Miss Grafton by Roanoke	3	dist.	

Time, 1:54—1:58.

Baltimore, Md., Kendall Course, May 12, 1840—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Eighteen subs. at $300 each, $100 ft. Mile heats.

Edm. Townes' ch. c. Tattersall, by Imp. Emancipation, out of Volney's dam	1	1	
W. D. Bowie's gr. c. by Imp. Apparition, out of Blue Belle	2	2	
Jas. B. Kendall's gr. c. *Hector Bell*, by Drone, out of Mary Randolph	3	dist.	

Time, 1:54—1:55.

In this brief sketch of the performances of Mary Randolph and

her produce, we have attempted no comments, the naked facts will speak best for themselves. Our limits for remarking further on the subject are cut unexpectedly short by the following late but welcome communication from "D.," from which we will not detain the reader.

PEDIGREE OF MARY POWELL.

To the Editor of the "American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine."

DEAR SIR: The letter of Mr. Wooding in the last number of the "Register," must convince any one that when he published the blood of his mare *Mary Powell*, he was himself deceived, and few, I trust, of your readers, but must regret the imposition. I am not able to say what the blood is, but I will, in justice to myself, show that she cannot be of the blood given in the "Register," and at the same time give him some account of Mr. W. Amis's stock, that will enable him and others to estimate more justly the stock sold at his sale.

The pedigree as published is—

Mary Powell by Sir Archy—Rattler—Wildair—Pantaloon—Jones's Diomed Mare.

Of all this but one cross is true—Sir Archy that is; it is the only one that can be true.

Mr. Jones' Diomed mare (he had but one) was a yearling filly at his sale, and called Miss Selden. This filly was bought by General Allen Jones, for his nephew and ward Willis Jones; at four years old she was trained by Austin, and not coming up to Mr. Jones' expectations, she was turned into the breeding stud, and her first colt was by Citizen—he was gelded; her next was by Potomac—he died the Spring he was three years old, with the big head. Mr. Jones then became a strict member of the church, and Miss Selden, then in foal to Sir Archy, became the property, first of Hyder A. Davie, and after foaling was transferred to Dr. Thomas Hall and Allen J. Davie. She had two fillies by Sir Archy and one by Dion; this last was called Diona, and was afterwards the property of (I think) Mr. Meares, of Wilmington. These were all the colts and fillies bred from the Diomed mare; through none of these does the Archy mare Mary Powell trace; therefore her pedigree must be a sheer fabrication, and an imposition on Mr. Wooding.

It was farther stated to Mr. Wooding that the Rattler named in the pedigree was by Shark. Now this Rattler stood but one season on Roanoke; at that time Miss Selden was not 2 years old, therefore no grand daughter could have been bred to him. Jones's Wildair here named was bought by William Gilmour at the sale; he stood one season at Halifax, was then sent West, and died. Pantaloon died before Miss Selden was foaled. So much, therefore, of the pedigree is surely erroneous, and I would if necessary

state what became of all the descendants of the Diomed mare; it is sufficient to shew that Mary Powell cannot hail from that source, and Mr. Wooding and all who know me must be well aware that no one is better acquainted with this stock than myself, and I beg him to believe that it was out of regard to him that I called your attention to the pedigree as published, as I knew that many gentlemen in both the Carolinas, who take the Register, were as well aware of this as myself, and in whose estimation, if strangers to Mr. Wooding, he must have suffered.

I knew the late Mr. W. Amis well, and most of his stock. He was a planter on Roanoke. His usual habit for many years, indeed until his purchase of Sir Archy, was to engage the keeper of some stud horse to go around to his plantations, put his mares throughout the season, he, Mr. Amis, paying a stipulated price for each colt; this price was usually from three to five dollars, *never more.* This I have had from Mr. Amis himself. In this way he had many years the services of Dongolah, then the property of J. Dancy; afterwards, for some years, he had a standing contract with Ben Williams, for the use of Planter in the same way. Subsequently he obtained the services of a large Twig horse, owned by a free mulatto, called Servant Jones in Northampton. In this way Mr. Amis bred his horses (with but few exceptions), and you may rely on it that at the time of his death he had not one thorough bred mare. Many years past Mr. Amis bred one season from a Sweeper horse, raised, as I believe, by his brother-in-law; this was a good horse, but never raced. The first season Sir Archy stood at Newhope, Mr. Amis sent a brown Planter mare to him, and raised a fine brown gelding that died a carriage horse in the possession of Mr. Pugh, and the year Mr. J. D. Amis bought Sir Archy of Mr. Davie, he put four mares under a contract late in the season to Sir Archy. These are the only instances in which, I believe, Mr. Amis ever committed the extravagance of breeding to a high priced horse. His neighbor, Mr. Sterling Peebles, had a chesnut horse called Ratler; to him he bred one mare, and her produce was sold at his sale, and purchased by his son, Mr. John D. Amis;—this chesnut Ratler mare may have been the grandam of Mary Powell. I repeat, Mr. Amis at no time owned a mare descended from Miss Selden.

I have been thus particular because I wish to convince your readers that when corrections are made by me in the Register, I am not myself in error; to sustain both your periodicals, which I look on as the most valuable in our country, and my own character, upon a subject on which I place a high value.

Here permit me to say that hereafter I mean to correct all errors of pedigree published in the "Register," and I hope no gentleman will be offended at my course—he surely cannot wish to impose and perpetuate error. If I am wrong, the investigation will establish the character, not injure his horse.

Permit me in conclusion to observe, that Mr. Wooding is right in his conjecture as to my identity, and do me the justice to believe that I would at all times sooner serve than injure him. D.

FIRST TREATMENT OF SOME INJURIES AND DISEASES TO WHICH THE HORSE IS SUBJECT:

BEING A SEQUEL TO

HOW TO BUY A HORSE.

BY AN AMATEUR.

BEFORE I conclude what I have to say respecting the treatment of a strain of a back sinew—and which case I have introduced, by-the-bye, as an illustration of the mode of treating all injuries of a similar nature, let them occur in what part they may—I must remark that the *position* of the affected part is a matter strictly to be attended to. Rest being a necessary agent in subduing inflammation, the muscles—the organs of motion—of the injured part should be placed, as much as possible, in a state of repose; and for this purpose, where the accident, as in the case in point, has occurred to the back of the leg, a high-heeled shoe should be gently tacked on to the foot, which will effectually prevent the back sinews from being put on the stretch so long as it is worn.

As I do not purpose to go much at length into the treatment of those ailments to which horses are subject, I might here very well conclude what I have to remark with respect to the remedies requisite for the cure of the accident which I have considered above; but, for the purpose of giving you an insight into the operation of applications which may be advisable in a further stage of strain of the back sinew, I will say a few words on the nature of those agents which are generally included under the head of *stimulants*.

Of local stimulants the principal are liniments, blisters, setons, and the actual cautery or firing; and of these the first is the mildest, and the last the most active in its operation.

So long as inflammation is present in any part not deeply seated, any stimulant application is highly improper; for as the nature of these remedies is, as their name implies, to increase the vital action of the part to which they are applied, it must be manifest that by employing them you are augmenting that inflammatory action which you should seek to allay. Whenever, therefore, you find heat, pain, and the other symptoms of active inflammation which I have already enumerated, the employment of stimulating liniments is extremely injudicious, not only on account of their own immediate action, but likewise because in their application it is necessary to use considerable friction, which of itself would have an injurious tendency. It is only, therefore, after all signs of inflammation have disappeared, and the injured part remains puffed (especially after work) and weak, that remedies of a stimulating character are to be resorted to.

But the case is materially altered when the injury is deep-seated; because you then, by the application of stimulants, excite the action of blood-vessels *in the neighborhood* of the inflamed part, and thus succeed in relieving it by the attraction of a portion of the blood to the skin. For this purpose blisters are preferable to lini-

ments, both on account of their greater activity in general (although blisters may be made in a liquid form, and thus assume the shape of liniments), and because their application does not require so much friction.

I have known several instances of horses being kept lame by the too early employment of blisters, or by their being improperly placed. Since the object of their use during active inflammation is to withdraw blood from the part inflamed, it is manifest that they should never be placed directly over the seat of injury when inflammation exists near the skin. Where blisters are used on the extremities, with a view to lessen inflammation, they should also be applied *above* the inflamed part, as the medicaments of which they are composed, if taken up by the absorbent vessels, as occasionally may happen, will otherwise rather excite than diminish the action of the inflamed part.

Thus you will readily perceive that a good deal of discrimination is requisite to determine the propriety of employing stimulants, and also to judge of the time when they may be used with advantage, and the spot on which they should be placed. In active inflammation, when it is deemed requisite to blister at once, bleeding should always be resorted to in the first instance, otherwise the local irritation caused by the blister will produce general excitement.

Nineteen out of every twenty farriers have no other mode of treating every disease but by bleeding, physicking, and blistering—three very potent remedies, it must be admitted, when judiciously employed, but whose very activity, when misdirected, is a frequent source of irreparable mischief.

Setons, or rowels, are employed for the relief of some internal inflammations, and act by determining the blood from the affected part, thus giving its blood-vessels time to recover their activity.

Of firing—since it is an operation which should always be performed by a skilful veterinary surgeon, and moreover by his advice—I shall say no more than that it should never be resorted to until less strenuous measures have failed, or in such cases as those in which experience has shewn those measures to be without efficacy.

Having now, I hope, given you some insight into the operation of depleting and exciting remedies, I shall proceed to detail the symptoms of some complaints which you will occasionally meet with, and which may require energetic and immediate treatment. In doing this it is not my intention to lay down any general rules for the treatment of active disease through all its stages; as such knowledge as I may possess of the different modes of subduing disease in the horse only leads me, as it should every person who has never practised veterinary surgery, to doubt my own capabilities of conducting the treatment of any grave malady until a cure is effected. Nevertheless, as medical assistance is not always at hand, and some complaints attack a horse suddenly, it is fit that every proprietor of horses should render himself master of the necessary steps to be pursued on the occurrence of any disease of which he may understand the symptoms.

INFLAMMATION OF THE LUNGS frequently comes on suddenly, and, unless active treatment be immediately adopted, in many instances will prove fatal if allowed to remain uncombated even for a single day and night. If the advice I have given respecting thorough ventilation and perfect cleanliness in the stable be scrupulously followed, this is a disease which should occur but rarely to your stud; but, be your precautions what they may, it will occasionally supervene in horses either constitutionally predisposed to it, or who have been ridden or driven beyond their strength.

The principal symptoms of this disease are a full but not a jerking pulse, a bright red appearance of the lining membrane of the nostril, a rigid and extended position of the fore-legs, and panting respiration. The poor animal likewise will frequently direct your attention to the seat of disease by looking round at his flanks with a piteous expression of countenance that betrays the intensity of his sufferings.

Now let us pause for a moment to consider why this disease should produce such a train of symptoms as I have enumerated.

The pulse is full, but not jerking, because the lungs, being distended with blood, present an impediment to the power of the heart, and consequently prevent the free circulation of this fluid.

The lining membrane of the nostrils is of a bright red hue, from its partaking, probably, of the irritation of the air passages generally, and consequently containing a larger quantity of blood than usual.

The fore-legs are extended and rigid, as by this position the play of the muscles of the chest and shoulders is impeded, and the horse thereby better enabled to keep the thorax at rest, and to breathe by the descent of the diaphragm or midriff (whose action increases the capacity of the chest) and by the abdominal muscles.

The panting respiration is induced by the pain which a deep inspiration would cause by distending the lungs.

When inflammation of the lungs has once set in, it is usually so intense that the blood deserts the extremities, from feebleness of the heart's action, and from the quantity of this fluid which is determined to the seat of disease; and hence the legs, ears, and nose are usually stone cold. The breath is likewise usually cold, which is accounted for by heat possibly being generated by the contact of atmospheric air with the blood in its passage through the lungs, and which contact is now materially diminished by the small quantity of air inhaled.

When a horse attacked by inflammation of the lungs has once assumed the posture I have mentioned, he usually maintains it most perseveringly, seldom lying down until exhausted nature can no longer support him in the upright position.

These symptoms having indicated to you the nature of the complaint, it is clear to you that the gorged state of the lungs must be relieved by the abstraction of blood. Nor is this all; for acute inflammatory action being once established, it is far from sufficient to reduce the pulse to its normal state. Were you to stop there,

the tendency to inflammation still existing, and the vital power being strong, you would find every bad symptom re-appearing. If you place your finger on the artery of the jaw, so soon as a sufficient quantity of blood has been abstracted to remove the congested state of the lungs, you will find the pulse more free and active, and having reduced the number of its pulsations to forty in the minute —the healthy standard—you may think you have done enough; but, on the contrary, you must enfeeble your patient to prevent re-action, and you must produce a debility proportionate to the excitement lurking in the system. Keep your finger then on the pulse, and when it begins to flutter and fail, and your horse staggers and reels, then, and not till then, close the orifice in the vein—which orifice, by-the-bye, should always be large, that a greater impression may be made on the system by the sudden abstraction of blood.

The pulse being reduced, you must prevent the re-action of the heart by giving nauseating and depressing medicines. For this purpose, give a ball composed of the following ingredients:—

Calomel	Half a drachm.
Tartar Emetic	Two scruples.
Powdered Digitalis	One scruple.
Liquorice powder	Three drachms.
Honey enough to make a ball.	

If your veterinary surgeon do not make his appearance within six hours, you may repeat this medicine. In the meantime gently rub your horse's ears and legs until the circulation be restored in them; swathe the latter in warm flannel bandages, loosely applied, quite up to the shoulders and stifles; put a sufficient quantity of clothes on him to keep his body perfectly warm, and let as much fresh air as possible be freely admitted into your stable. No food of any description is to be given in the first instance; but, on the contrary, if the symptoms do not abate before the administration of the second ball, the bleeding must be repeated until faintness is induced. A pailful of cold water, in which an ounce of nitre is dissolved, should be left within reach of the horse.

Unlike the treatment of external inflammation, you cannot, in such a case as I have described, give purgative medicines without incurring the almost certain risk of inducing a fatal inflammation of the bowels, owing to the sympathy existing between them and the lungs.

The metastasis, or change of seat, of inflammatory disease in the horse, is very remarkable, and it occasionally happens that internal inflammation of some part of the body will be transferred to the feet or legs, causing the latter to swell prodigiously in a very short space of time.

Acute Inflammation of the Feet is a very serious disease, and, if it do not terminate by rendering a horse totally unserviceable, at any rate seldom fails to curtail his powers of speed and the freedom of his action.

The symptoms are, great restlessness and constant shifting from one foot to the other, a full and bounding pulse, extreme heat and

tenderness of the feet, and an early desire to lie down, which, having once done, the horse is almost incapable of rising, and frequently puts his nose to the affected part, thus indicating its seat.

In this case you must send for a smith, and make him pare away the horn from the toe until he opens the vein which is there situated, and take from three to four quarts of blood, according to the size and strength of your horse, from each foot. Should no smith be at hand, and you are incapable of performing the operation yourself, it will be better to bleed from the vein running up the inside of the leg, than to delay to take blood somewhere. In this case you must make pressure on the vein above the opening, whereas in bleeding from the neck the pressure is made below it, usually with the edge of the pail or can into which the blood flows.

Have your horse back-raked, and give him the same medicines as for inflammation of the lungs, until your veterinary surgeon arrives.

In addition to this treatment let the shoes be removed, and the sole and crust of the hoof be gently pared and rasped, to diminish as much as possible its pressure on the internal parts of the foot, and then envelope the leg and foot in cloths soaked in the coldest water, in which nitre, to the extent of one ounce to every quart, has been just dissolved.

I believe most veterinary surgeons employ warm applications in this complaint; but, although they may be right, I doubt much if the hoof is thereby much softened and rendered capable of extension as asserted; and without this effect, as warmth will certainly cause a greater flow of blood to the hoof than usual, it must be detrimental.

The last disorder which I shall mention is SPASM of the muscular coat of the bowels, or, as it has been termed, FLATULENT COLIC. This complaint is sudden in its attack, and is frequently produced by large draughts of cold water taken when the body is heated, and by the administration of too great a quantity of aloetic medicines, especially if badly pulverized, and given when a horse is not previously prepared by bran mashes, or is allowed corn and beans before the operation of this purgative has ceased. This complaint should perhaps more properly be called SPASMODIC COLIC, that of FLATULENT COLIC, which is really unnecessary, being reserved to designate those cases which are induced by the fermentation of new oats, hay, or green meat in the stomach, by which process a large quantity of gas is generated, which ultimately gives rise to spasm.

A horse suffering from *gripes* or spasmodic colic paws the ground violently; smells his flanks; kicks them with the hind legs; extends himself as far as he can; suddenly gathers himself together; shifts about; lies down, and rolls upon his back; then immediately rises, shakes himself, and goes through the same manœuvres again, accompanying them with groaning so long as the spasm lasts.

The suddenness of the attack, the temperature of the extremities being natural, and the pulse not increased in quickness soon after the spasm has ceased, together with the animal appearing in

good health in the intervals of the complaint, will distinguish spasmodic colic from inflammation of the bowels, which may nevertheless supervene, should the spasms be of long continuance and frequently repeated. For this reason I would recommend you to begin your treatment of colic, when severe, by the abstraction of three or four quarts of blood, and follow it up by back-raking and the injection of a large quantity of warm gruel into the bowels, to which you may add four ounces of oil of turpentine. Prior, however, to administering this injection, give by the mouth a pint of old ale warmed, with half a tea spoonful of powdered ginger, and six drachms or an ounce of laudanum, and where the complaint arises from fermented food, you may add half an ounce of carbonate of soda. Ten minutes after this dose has been swallowed, give the glyster, during the operation of which your horse may be moved about gently, or his belly may be rubbed with warm flannels.

When all bad symptoms have disappeared, mashes should be substituted for corn, and a mild dose of physic given to remove any feculent matter from the bowels.

The variety of diseases to which the horse in his state of bondage is liable precludes the possibility of even noticing them in the limits of this Treatise. Suffice it therefore to say, that in cases where you have decided symptoms of external or internal inflammation, you will never go wrong in taking blood (except where manifest debility accompanies the attack, as in some cases of Influenza), although you may occasionally err in the exhibition of purgative medicines.

Ere I conclude, let me say a few words respecting the treatment of Broken Knees, an accident which may occur at almost any moment, which requires immediate attention. The first thing to be done is carefully to wash away with a soft sponge and warm water every particle of sand or gravel which may have insinuated itself into the wound, of which you will then be better enabled to ascertain the depth. It occasionally will happen in a very severe fall that the capsule of the joint is lacerated, and in this case an effusion of limpid and somewhat glutinous liquid, called *synovia* or *joint-oil*, will take place. This may not be very perceptible at first, particularly if the opening into the joint be small; but so soon as your attention is directed to it, you should lose no time in sending for the best veterinary surgeon within reach, as you will scarcely be able to manage the case by yourself. Where the laceration of the capsule is extensive, the probability is that the subsequent inflammation will ultimately produce abscess, ulceration of the cartilages of the joint, and, if the horse live long enough, destruction of the bones which compose it. But should the opening into the joint be small, the object you must keep in view is to preserve it accurately closed until Nature shall have had sufficient time to effect its union by granulations. For this purpose a heated iron, of proper dimensions, is usually employed, and the edges of the opening being cauterized, the eschar thus formed, and the subsequent swelling, contribute to close the opening for some days.

When the capsule of the joint is uninjured, and the flap of skin which covered the wounded part still remains, some veterinary surgeons have recommended that it be cut off, and the wound dressed with friar's balsam, which is a strong stimulant. This treatment can scarcely, in my opinion, be vindicated by sound judgment; and had I twenty horses in this state, I would in each case lay the flap down as neatly as possible, and retain it in its proper position by a single point of suture at its least supported part, where the cut portion was large and but loosely attached, or by strips of adhesive plaster, together with a compress and bandage. These latter I would keep constantly wetted with goulard lotion.

Where the skin is entirely removed, the best application, after fomentations with hot water, is a soft and warm linseed-meal poultice, which should be renewed every four hours until the inflammation subsides. You may also in every case give a gentle dose of physic, and no other food for the first few days than bran-mashes and hay.

When the inflammation has been subdued, and granulations appear, apply strips of adhesive plaster, neatly one over the other so as to make some pressure on the wound, and bandage the leg very carefully with a linen bandage from above the knee to the coronet. Several stimulating applications may be requisite during different stages of the cure, among which friar's balsam, and nitrate of silver lotions, varying in strength according to the state of the parts, are perhaps as good as any.

Whether the wound have penetrated to the joint or not, and whether the skin be hanging to the wound or cut off, I would recommend you in every instance of broken knees to apply a splint of wood, of the whole length of the leg, to the back of the limb, and to confine it by a bandage. This is a precaution unattended to by veterinary surgeons: but, inasmuch as it prevents the injured part from being bent or moved, should never be omitted; for the quieter the state of the wounded limb, the less will be the consequent inflammation, and the speedier the cure. Where the injury is great, I should recommend the splint to be kept on for at least six-and-thirty hours without removal.

I have spoken of cold lotions and warm poultices as applicable to different degrees of broken knees. Poultices rather tend to hasten the process of suppuration, without a slight quantity of which granulations will not be formed. They are therefore to be used where there is no flap of skin left. But if you wish to effect immediate union of the cut parts, which should always be attempted when practicable, suppuration is not to be promoted, and therefore cold lotions are preferable.

I once had a horse with a bad broken knee, which accident occurred before he came into my possession, consequently how it was treated I know not. However, he met with a second mischance while being carelessly ridden by an ostler, and broke his knee again in the same place; and by attending to the rules I have given for the treatment of this accident, what was in the first instance an

unsightly scar, with some swelling, was greatly improved in appearance, and the enlargement removed.

Since that time I have twice recommended the same plan to be followed, and each time have witnessed its complete success. However, it requires great care and nicety so to apply strips of plaster and bandages as to prevent the swelling so often consequent on a bad broken knee, and which blisters and stimulants nine times out of ten fail to reduce.

Farriers will tell you that the common adhesive plaster will not do for a horse, and would fain induce you to use strips of leather covered with pitch; but where your plaster perfectly encircles the wounded part, as the knee-joint, and is cut sufficiently long, one end overlaps the other, and consequently it adheres to itself. Where this is not the case, the hair will prevent it from sticking.

INFLAMMATION OF THE EYE sometimes makes its appearance suddenly, either from irritating substances, as hay, seeds, &c., making their way into it, or from blows with a brush while cleaning the head, or a rap with a stick from a brutal groom, who is in the habit of striking a horse over the head while riding him, and perhaps accidentally hits the eye by the sudden shifting of the horse's head when he expects a blow there. I have seen a very severe injury of the eye, where it presented the appearance of a mass of blood, from this very cause.

In this case you must bleed from the vein running just below the eye, and which is usually very easily distinguished, and give physic and bran-mashes. Cold lotions of goulard water are to be constantly applied to the eye, and the stable to be darkened while the inflammation is excessive. When this is reduced, and the membrane of the eye still remains clouded, you may inject night and morning with a syringe a weak solution of nitrate of silver, beginning with four grains to an ounce of distilled water, and gradually increasing its strength as the eye appears to improve under its application. A little speck will frequently remain on the membrane which cannot be removed. Indeed it is occasioned by the abrasion at the moment of injury of this most delicate part.

GREASY HEELS you will have few opportunities of treating if you follow the advice I have given under the head of Stable Management. They are most frequently occasioned by washing the legs with cold water while they are heated from exercise, and suffering them afterwards to dry; the consequent re-action after the application of cold being excessive, and running into inflammation. Nature then seeks to relieve the gorged vessels by a discharge of ichorous matter from the inflamed part. Bringing a horse into a hot stable also in the winter, when his legs are chilled with standing some time perhaps in the snow, will produce a similar effect. These ills are easily to be avoided with a little careful supervision, and by accustoming your groom to pay particular attention to rubbing the heels dry at all times, and keeping them perfectly clean.

When the disease has appeared, all causes inducing it must be avoided; and of these I may mention draughts of air blowing upon

a horse from behind; and if the pain and heat of the part be great, warm and soft poultices must be applied in the first instance.

As soon as stimulating remedies are applicable, you can use nothing better or cleaner than a solution of nitrate of silver in distilled water, beginning with eight or ten grains to the ounce. Sometimes, however, the diseased parts will require a change of stimulants, and you may then apply a solution of blue-stone in a strong decoction of oak bark. A stick of nitrate of silver or lunar caustic may be lightly passed over the cracked part occasionally with great advantage. But there is one circumstance which, although in every case neglected, you must not overlook. The motion of the diseased part must, as much as possible, be controlled. Every time the horse bends the fetlock joint he disturbs the process of Nature in effecting a cure; and as it is necessary to prevent the crack in the heel from being disturbed, you will find that any moderately soft substance, as bees' wax or putty, placed over and closely to the diseased part, will, by taking its form and accurately making pressure upon each portion of it, materially conduce to the cure. It must be applied directly after the lotions I have recommended, and must not only be kept on by a neatly applied bandage, but the hollow of the back part of the fetlock joint must also be previously filled up by a pad of tow, or some other soft substance, in order that the joint may thereby be rendered less capable of motion.

The heels being the farthest removed from the heart, the circulation of the blood in them is less active and vigorous than elsewhere, and consequently their restoration to a healthy state is achieved with more than usual difficulty. Some horses that have cracked heels are in too high condition, while others in a debilitated state are equally or perhaps more prone to the same disease. These different states of body of course require opposite constitutional treatment; the first demanding low diet with purgatives and diuretics; the second, generous food with tonics.

Of all the preventives of grease with which I am acquainted, there is none—setting aside the avoidance of those causes which I have already mentioned as conducing to the disease—so effective in its operation as *bandaging* the legs regularly with flannel rollers. I am an advocate for their employment at most times in the stable, as in my opinion they materially tend to fine the legs when properly applied, and also, when not put on too tightly, evidently keep up the circulation in the extremities, a point of much consequence.

Those who are not shewn the proper method of applying a bandage, generally do more harm than good with them. I am sure I do not in the least exaggerate when I say that I never yet knew a single groom who could put on a bandage as it should be. They fail about the pasterns and fetlocks, and leave the bandage there loose and bagging, so that, when pressure is requisite, the circulation between the pastern joint and the foot is impeded, and the latter will be found cold, and the part between the coronet and fetlock perhaps somewhat swollen.

Bandages, to be neatly applied, should not be so wide as grooms

generally make them. You will hardly be able to put them on properly if of more than four inches in width. Begin by applying your roller just under the knee, pass it round in rather a slanting direction, keeping your finger on the extremity until you find it has taken firm hold of the limb; then let each turn of the bandage cover one half of that above it, taking care so to direct it that its under edge do not bag, but lie loosely on the leg. When you come to the hollow behind the pastern, the bandage must be half folded on itself, so that what was its upper border shall be undermost, and this must be repeated whenever it cannot be otherwise made to lie smoothly and closely to the leg.

By bandaging from above downwards you in a great measure avoid leaving any marks of the roller on the hair.

So much then for the treatment of some of those accidents and diseases which will occasionally demand your attention. We have now several treatises of great merit on the diseases of the horse, in which every circumstance connected with their symptoms and treatment is considered; and as it has only been my intention to notice such cases as will every now and then occur in every man's stable, and which require immediate attention, I would recommend my readers to consult the best veterinary authorities, and to make themselves, as far as possible, masters of the *principles* on which the treatment of disease should be founded, in order that they may not be imposed upon by the ignorance of a country Vulcan—that torturer of the equine race—nor the officiousness of a would-be-learned groom, who deems nothing easier than the cure of all diseases of the horse, and takes the old saying of "as strong as a horse" as his authority for essaying upon his unfortunate carcase every kind of dose of every sort of medicine which it pleases his fancy to imagine he must require.

Has your horse a bad coat or a trifling cough? down goes, night and morning, an *ad libitum* dose of sulphur and antimony, together with a drench, composed of Heaven knows what, but which you are told is *Macmorabolus* (probably *Lac Mirabile*—some old nostrum), and which Mr. So-and-so, the farrier, vows to be a never-failing specific for a cough in all animals. Does he strain himself or get a blow on any part? the stable is forthwith redolent of turpentine and hartshorn, and greasy bottles containing liniments of every smell and virtue adorn the shelves of your saddle-room, or are thrust away into holes and corners as though the very light would rob them of some of their precious qualities.

It is a difficult thing to treat the simplest form of disease on really scientific principles, as experience is constantly demonstrating the errors of our previous practice; but it is by no means an arduous task to acquire that degree of knowledge which will enable us to strip ignorance of its cloak, and confound the empyric who is incapable of assigning a good reason for any portion of his plan of treatment.

Spring Snipe Shooting,

OR

THREE DAYS AT PINE BROOK, NEW JERSEY.

Written for the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

BY FRANK FORESTER.

DAY THE SECOND.

"WHAT sort of a morning is it, Timothy?"—asked I, rubbing my eyes, as I sat bolt upright in bed on the irruption of that *fidus Achates*, some half hour before sunrise, into my little dormitory—"What sort of a morning is it?"

"A varry bonny mornin, Measter Frank"—responded he—"there was a leetle tooch o' whaite frost aboot midnaight, but sin' t' moon set, there's been a soop o' warm ra-ain, and it's dooll noo, and saft loike, wi' t' wind sootherly—but it's boon to be nooght at all, Ayse warrant it. T' Soon 'll be oot enoo—see if he beant—and t' snaipe 'll laie loike steans. Ayse awa noo, and fetch t' het watter—t' ve-al cootlets is i' t' pann, and John Van Dyne he's been a wa-aiting iver sin 't got loight."

"That's not very long, then"—answered I, springing out of bed,—"at all events; for it's as dark as pitch now; bring me a candle, I can't shave by this light; there! leave the door into the parlor open, and tell John to come in and amuse me while I'm shaving.—Is Mr. Archer up?"

"Oop? Weel Ay wot he is oop; and awa wi' Measter Draa, and t' lang goons, doon to t' brigg; to watch t' doocks flay—but Van Dyne says t' doocks has dean flaying."

"Yes, yes—they'se quit sartin"—answered a merry voice without, and in stalked John, the best fowl-shot, the best snipe-marker, the best canoe-paddler, and the best fellow every way, in all New Jersey.

"How are you, John?—any birds on the Piece?"

"Nicely!"—he answered, to my first query—"nicely,"—shaking me warmly by the hand, and, after a pause, added—"I can't say as there be; the Piece is too wet altogether!"

"Too wet—aye?—that's bad, John!"

"Lord, *yes*—too wet entirely—I was half over it with the canoe last week, and didn't see—no not a half a dozen, and they was round the edges like, where there wasn't no good lying!—there was a heap o' yellow legs, though, and a smart chance o' plover."

"Oh, d—n the plover, John—but shall we find no snipe?"

"Not upon neither of the pieces, no how—but there was heaps of them a flyin' over all last night; yes! yes! I guess Archer and I can fix it so as we'll git a few—but, do tell, who's that darned fat chap as I see goin' down"—

Here he was interrupted by the distant report of a heavy gun, followed almost upon the instant by a second.

"Ding!"—he exclaimed—"but there is a flight now! arn't there?—I guess now, Mr. Forester, I'd as well jist run down with old Shot—leastwise he'll fetch um, if so be they've fallen in the water."

"Do! do!"—cried I—"by all means, John; and tell them to come back directly; for half the breakfast's on the table, and I'll be ready by the time they're here."

By the time I had got my jacket on, and while I was in the act of pulling up my long fen boots before the cheerful fire, I perceived by the clack of tongues without, that the sportsmen had returned; and the next moment Harry entered, accompanied by Fat Tom in his glory, with no less than two couple and a half of that most beautiful and delicate of wild-fowl, the green-winged teal.

"That's not so bad, Frank,"—exclaimed Harry, depositing, as he spoke, his heavy single-barrel in the chimney corner, and throwing himself into an arm-chair—"that's not so bad for ten minutes' work—is it?"

"Better a d—d sight"—Tom chimed in—"than layin snoozin till the sun is high—but that's the way with these etarnal drinkin men, they does keep bright jest so long as they keeps a liquorin—but when that's done with, you don't hear nothin more of them till noon or arter. D—n all sich drunken critters."

"That's a devilish good one"—answered I—"the deuce a one of you has shaved, or for that matter, washed his face, to the best of my belief—and then, because you tumble out of bed like Hottentots, and rush out, gun in hand, with all the accumulated filth of a hard day's drive, and a long night's sweat, reeking upon you, you abuse a christian gentleman, who gets up soberly, and dresses himself decently—for idleness and what not!"

"Soberly!"—answered Tom.—"Soberly!—Jest hear, now, Harry—Soberly!—jest like as though he hadn't a had his bitters, and d—d *bitter* bitters, too!"

"Not a drop, upon honor"—I replied—"not a drop this morning!"

"What?—oh! oh! that's the reason, then, why you're so 'tarnal cross. Here, landlord, bring us in them cider sperrits,—I harnt had only a small taste myself—take a drink, Frank, and you'll feel slick as silk torights, I tell you."

"Thank you, *no!*" said I, falling foul of the veal cutlets delicately fried in batter, with collops of ham interspersed, for which my worthy host is justly celebrated—"thank you *no!* bitters are good things in their way, but not when breakfast treads so close upon the heels of them!"

"Tak a soop, Measter Frank—tak a soop, sur"—exhorted Timothy, who was bearing around a salver laden with tumblers, the decanter gracing his better hand—"Tak a soop, thou 'lt be all t' betther for 't enoo. Measter Draa 's i' t' roight o' 't. It's varry good stooff Ay'se oophaud it."

"I dont doubt that at all, Tim; natheless I'll be excused just now."

I was soon joined at the table by the fat man and Archer, who were so busily employed in stowing away what Sir Dugald Dalgetty terms provant, that few words passed between us—At length when the *furor edendi* was partially suppressed—"Now then, John," said Harry, "we are going to be here two days—to-morrow, that is, and to-day—what are we to beat, so as to get ground for both days?—Begin with the long meadow, I suppose, and beat the *vlies* toward the small piece home, and finish here before the door."

"That's it, I reckon," answered the jolly Dutchman, "but you knows pretty nigh as well as I can tell you."

"Better, John, better, if I knew exactly how the ground was—but that will be the driest—won't it?"

"Sartain," replied the other—"but we'll get work enough without beating the ground hereaways before the house—we'll keep that to begin upon to-morrow, and so follow up to the big meadow—and to Loises, and all along under the widow Mulford's—if it holds dry to-day; and somehow now I kind o' guess it will. There'll be a heap o' birds there by to-morrow—they were a-flyin' cur'ous, now, last night, I tell you."

"Well, then, let us be moving. Where's the game-bag, Timothy?—give it to John! Is the brandy bottle in it, and the luncheon?—hey?"

"Ay—ay! Sur"—answered Tim—"T' brandy's i' t' big wicker bottle, wi' t' tin cup—and soom cauld pork and crackers i' t' gam bag—and a spare horn of powder, wi' a pund in 't. Here tak it, John Van Dyne, and mooch good may 't do ye—and—haud a bit, man! here's t' dooble shot belt—sling it across your shoulders, and awa wi' you."

Everything being now prepared, and having ordered dinner to be in readiness at seven, we lighted our cigars and started; Harry, with the two setters trotting steadily at his heels, and his gun on his shoulder, leading the way at a step that would have cleared above five miles an hour, I following at my best pace, Tom Draw puffing and blowing like a grampus in shoal water, and John Van Dyne swinging along at a queer loping trot behind me. We crossed the bridges and the causeway by which we had arrived the previous night, passed through the toll-gate, and, turning short to the right hand, followed a narrow sandy lane for some three quarters of a mile, till it turned off abruptly to the left, crossing a muddy streamlet by a small wooden bridge. Here Harry paused, flung the stump of his cheroot into the ditch, and dropping the but of his gun, began very quietly to load, I following his example without saying a word.

"Here we are, Frank,"—said he—"this long stripe of rushy fields, on both sides of the ditch, is what they call the long meadow, and rare sport have I had on it in my day, but I'm afraid it's too wet now—we'll soon see, though"—and he strode across the fence, and waved the dogs off to the right and left. "You take the right hand, Frank; and, Tom, keep you the ditch bank, all the way; the ground is firmest there—we've got the wind in our favor—a little

farther off, Frank, they wont lie hard for an hour or two, at all events—and I dont believe we shall find a bird before we cross the next fence."

Heads up and sterns down, off raced the fleet setters, beating the meadows fairly from the right hand fence to the ditch, crossing each other in mid course, and quartering the ground superbly—but nothing rose before them, nor did their motions indicate the slightest taint of scent upon the dewy herbage. The ground, however, contrary to Harry's expectations, was in prime order—loose, loamy, moist, black soil, with the young tender grass of spring shooting up every where, bright succulent and sweet; tall tufts of rushes here and there, and patches of brown flags, the reliques of the bye-gone year, affording a sure shelter for the timid waders. The day was cool and calm, with a soft mellow light—for the sun was curtained, though not hidden, by wavy folds of gauze-like mist—and a delicious softness in the mild western breeze, before which we were wending our way, as every one who would bag *snipe*, must do, *down wind*. We crossed the second fence—the ground was barer—wetter—splashy in places, and much poached by the footsteps of the cattle, which had been pastured there last autumn. See, the red dog has turned off at a right angle from his course—he lifts his head high, straightens his neck and snuffs the air, slackening his pace to a slow, guarded trot, and waving his stern gently—Chase sees him, pauses, almost backs!

"Look to, Frank—there's a bird before him!"

Skeap! skeap! skeap!—up they jumped eighty yards off at the least, as wild as hawks; skimming the surface of the meadow, and still by their shrill squeak calling up other birds to join them, till seven or eight were on the wing together; then up they rose clearly defined against the sky, and wheeled in short zigzags above the plain, as if uncertain whither they should fly, till at length they launched off straight to the right hand, and after a flight of a full mile, pitched suddenly and steeply down behind a clump of newly-budding birches.

"I knows where them jokers be, Mr. Archer"—exclaimed Van Dyne.

"In h—ll, I guess they be"—responded Master Draw—"leastwise they flew far enough to be there anyhow!"

"No, no! Tom, they've not gone so very far," said Archer, "and there's good lying for them there, I shall be satisfied if they all go that way.—To ho! to ho!" he interrupted himself, for the dogs had both come to a dead point among some tall flags; and Shot's head cocked on one side, with his nose pointed directly downward, and his brow furrowed into a knotty frown, shewed that the bird was under his very feet—"come up, Tom—come up, you old sinner—dont you see Shot's got a snipe under his very nose."

"Well! well! I sees"—answered Tom—"I sees it, d—n you!—but give a fellow time, you'd best—in this etarnal miry mud-hole!"—and, sinking mid leg deep at every step, the fat man floundered on, keeping, however, his gun ever in position, and his keen quick eye steadily fixed on the staunch setter.

"Are you ready, now?—I'll flush him"—exclaimed Harry, taking a step in advance: and instantly up sprang the bird, with his sharp, thrice-repeated cry, and a quick flutter of his wings, almost straight into the air over the head of Tom, striving to get the wind.

Bang!—Draw's first barrel was discharged, the snipe being at that moment scarce ten feet from the muzzle, the whole load going like a bullet, of course harmlessly!—his second followed, but, like the first, in vain; for the bird, having fairly weathered him, was flying very fast, and twisting all the time, directly up wind. Then Harry's gun was pitched up, and the trigger drawn almost before the but was at his shoulder. Down went the bird—slanting away six yards, though killed stone dead, in the direction of his former flight, so rapidly had he been going when the shot struck him.

"Mark! mark!"—I shouted—"Harry. Mark! mark! behind you!"—As three more birds took wing, before the red dog, and were bearing off, too far from me, to the right hand, like those which had preceded them. I had, when I cried "mark," not an idea that he could possibly have killed one; for he had turned already quite round in his tracks, to shoot the first bird, and the others had risen wild, in the first place, and were now forty yards off at the least—but quick as thought he wheeled again, cocking his second barrel in the very act of turning, and sooner almost than I could imagine the possibility of his even catching sight of them, a second snipe was fluttering down wing-tipped.

"Beautiful—beautiful—indeed"—I cried involuntarily,—"the quickest and the cleanest double shot I have seen in many a day."

"It warnt so d—d slow, no how"—replied Tom, somewhat crest-fallen, as he re-loaded his huge demi-cannon.

"Slow!—you old heathen!—if you could shoot better than a boy five years old, we should have had three birds—I could have got two of those last just as well as not, if you had knocked the first down like a christian sportsman—but look! look at those devils"—Harry went on, pointing toward the birds, which had gone off, and at which he had been gazing all the time—"confound them, they're going to drum!"

And so indeed they were; and for the first time in my life I beheld a spectacle, which I had heard of indeed, but never had believed fully, till my own eyes now witnessed it. The two birds, which had been flushed, mounted up! up! scaling the sky in short small circles, till they were quite as far from this dull earth, as the lark, when "at heaven's gate he sings"—and then dropt plumb down, as it would seem, fifty feet in an instant, with a strange drumming sound, which might be heard for a mile or more. Then up they soared again, and again repeated their manœuvre; while at each repetition of the sound another and another bird flew up from every part of the wide meadow, and joined those in mid æther; till there must have been, at the least reckoning, forty snipe soaring and drumming within the compass of a mile, rendering the whole air

vocal with that strange quivering hum, which has been stated by some authors—and among these by the ingenious and observant Gilbert White—to be ventriloquous; although it is now pretty generally—and probably with justice—conceded to be the effect of a vibratory motion of the quill feathers set obliquely, so as to make the air whistle through them. For above an hour did this wild work continue; not a bird descending from its "bad eminence," but, on the contrary, each one that we flushed out of distance, for they would not lie to the dogs at all, rising at once to join them. "We have no chance"—said Harry—"no chance at all of doing anything, unless the day changes, and the sun gets out hot, which I fear it wont. Look out, Tom, watch that beggar to your right there; he has done drumming, and is going to 'light"—and, with the words, sheer down he darted some ninety yards from the spot where we stood, till he was scarce three feet above the marsh; when he wheeled off, and skimmed the flat, uttering a sharp harsh clatter, entirely different from any sound I ever heard proceed from a snipe's bill before, though in wild weather in the early spring time I have heard it since, full many a day. The cry resembled more the cackling of a hen, which has just laid an egg, than any other sound I can compare it to; and consisted of a repetition some ten times in succession of the syllable *kek*, so hard and jarring that it was difficult to believe it the utterance of so small a bird—But if I was surprised at what I heard, what was I, when I saw the bird alight on the top rail of a high snake fence, and continue there five or ten minutes, when it dropped down into the long marsh grass. Pointing toward the spot where I had marked it, I was advancing stealthily, when Archer said—"You may try if you like, but I can tell you that you wont get near him!"—I persevered, however, and fancied I should get within long shot, but Harry was quite right; for he rose again skeap! skeap! and went off as wild as ever, towering as before, and drumming; but for a short time only, when, tired apparently of the long flight he had already taken, he stooped from his elevation with the same jarring clatter, and alighted—this time to my unmitigated wonder—upon the topmost spray of a large willow tree, which grew by the ditch side!

"It's not the least use—not the least—pottering after these birds now," said Harry—"We'll get on to the farther end of the meadows, where the grass is long, and where they may lie something better; and we'll beat back for these birds in the afternoon, if Dan Phœbus will but deign to shine out.

On we went, therefore, Tom Draw swearing strange oaths at the birds, that acted so darnation cur'ous, and at myself and Harry for being such etarnal fools as to have brought him sweatin into them d—d stinkin mud-holes; and I, to say the truth, almost despairing of success. In half an hour's walking we did, however, reach some ground, which—yielding far more shelter to the birds, as being meadow-land not pastured, but covered with coarse rushy tussocks—seemed to promise something better in the way of sport; and before we had gone many yards beyond the first fence, a bird rose at long distance to Tom's right, and was cut down immediately

oy a quick snap shot of that worthy, on whose temper and ability to shoot the firmer ground and easier walking had already begun to work a miracle.

"Who says I cant shoot now, no more than a five-year-old—d—n you?"—he shouted, dropping the but of his gun deliberately, when skeap! skeap! startled by the near report, two more snipe rose within five yards of him!—fluttered he was assuredly, and fully did I expect to see a clear miss—but he refrained, took time, cocked his gun coolly, and letting the birds get twenty yards away, dropped that to his right hand, killed clean with his second barrel, while Harry doubled up the other in his accustomed style, I not having as yet got a chance of any bird.

"Down, charge!"—said Harry—"down, charge! Shot, you villain!"—for the last bird had fallen wing-tipped only, and was now making ineffectual attempts to rise, bouncing three or four feet from the ground, with his usual cry, and falling back again only to repeat his effort within five minutes—this proved too much, as it seemed, for the poor dog's endurance, so that, after rising once or twice uneasily, and sitting down again at his master's word, he drew on steadily, and began roading the running bird, regardless of the score which he might have been well aware he was running up against himself. During this business Chase had sat pretty quiet, though I had observed a nervous twitching of ears, and a latent spark of the devil in his keen black eye, which led me to expect some mischief, so that I kept my gun all ready for immediate action; and well it was that I did so; for the next moment he dashed in, passing Shot, who was pointing steadily enough, and picked up the bird after a trifling scuffle, the result of which was that a couple more snipe were flushed wild by the noise. Without a moment's hesitation I let drive at them with both barrels, knocking the right hand snipe down very neatly—the left hand bird, however, pitched up a few feet just as I drew the trigger; and the consequence was that, as I fancied, I had missed him clean.

"There! there! you stoopid, blundering, no-sich-thing—there! *now* who talks of missing?—That was the nicest, prettiest, easiest shot I ever did see—and you—you shiftless nigger you—you talks to *me* of missing!"

"Shut up!—Shut up, you most incorrigible old brute"—responded Harry, who had been steadily employed in marking the missed bird, as I deemed him—"Shut up your stupid jaw—that snipe's as dead as the old cow you gave us for supper the last time we dined at Warwick—though from a very different cause—for the cow, Jem Flyn says, died of the murrain or some other foul rotten disorder, and that small winged fellow has got a very sufficient dose of blue pill to account for his decease! So shut up—and keep still while I take the change out of these confounded dogs; or we shall have every bird we get near to-day flushed like those two. Ha! Shot—Ha! Chase—down cha-a-arge—down ch-a-arge—will you? will you? Down charge!" and for about five minutes, nothing was heard upon the meadows but the resounding clang of the short heavy dog-whip—the stifled grunts of Shot, and the vo-

ciferous yells of Chase under the merited and necessary chastisement. "Down charge, now, will you?"—he continued, as pocketing his whip, he wiped his heated brow, picked up his gun, and proceeded to bag the scattered game.—"There! that job's done"—he said—"and a job that I hate most confoundedly it is—but it *must be done* now and then; and the more severely, when necessary, the more mercifully!"

"Now that's what I doos call a right down lie"—the fat man interposed—"you loves it, and you knows you do—you loves to lick them poor dumb brutes, cause they cant lick back no how. You, Chase, d—n you, quit mouthing that there snipe—quit mouthing it, I say—else I'll cut out the snoopin soul of you!"

"So much for Tom Draw's lecture upon cruelty to animals—that's what I call rich"—answered Harry—"but come, let us get on—I marked that bird to a yard, down among those dwarf rose-bushes—and there we shall find, I'll be bound on it, good shooting. How very stupid of me not to think of that spot! You know, John, we always find birds there, when they can't be found any where else."

On we went, after a re-invigorating cup of mountain dew, with spirits raised at the prospect of some sport at last, and as we bagged the snipe which—Harry was right—had fallen killed quite dead, the sun came out hot, broad, and full; the birds were lying thick among the stunted bushes and warm bubbling springs which covered, in this portion of the ground, some twenty acres of marsh meadow; and as the afternoon waxed warm, they lay right well before the dogs, which having learned the consequences of misdemeanor, behaved with all discretion. *We* shot well! and the sport waxed so fast and furious, that till the shades of evening fell we had forgotten—all the three—that our luncheon, saving the article of drams, was still untasted; and that, when we assembled at seven of the clock in Hard's cozey parlor, and shook out of bag and pocket our complement of sixty-three well-grown and well-fed snipe, we were in reasonable case to do good justice to a right good supper.

BREEDING STUDS OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

TRANSLATED FROM A CONTINENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

MR. EDITOR: I do not possess documents sufficiently certain on the Veterinary Institutions of Russia, to give an account so detailed as those which preceded; but I can, however, speak in such a way, as to give an idea of the different species of horses spread over the immense extent of this vast empire, of which the head reaches to China, the arms to Persia on one side, and to America on the other, and of which the feet rest one on Turkey,

the other on Prussia; as to the means employed to keep and ameliorate the species of horses in some of the parts of a space so colossal.

The different kinds of horses, and the breeding studs, existing in Russia, merit as much attention as those of the countries of which we have already spoken. I believe then that many will see with pleasure the following details, from a book published by a General in the Russian service, as the result of long and scrupulous observations, which his position could not fail to render interesting.

Similar in that to England, Spain, France, Denmark, Arabia, Persia, as well as other countries, which have their peculiar species, and which we may call indigenous, the immense empire of Russia likewise possesses her particular kinds of which the mark may be noticed, notwithstanding the deviations which are produced by the mixture of the different breeds.

The primitive stock of these horses originally came from Great Russia, and their conformation is not, moreover, perfect: they are of middling height, the head rather too large, the forehead flat, the eye dull, the chest short and wide, the breast likewise broad, the buttocks very thick, the legs bony, without being too thick, but well covered with hair, the hoof rather flat than high; the tail and mane are of such a size that the latter often descends below the knee. If what I have stated does not establish the beauty of the Russian horse, at least it must be allowed, that he is distinguished by many excellent qualities; he is of a character the most gentle, very steady, sober, and cautious, full of intelligence, and, if I may so express it, indefatigable. Every one who has travelled in Russia can vouch for this. A conducteur or Russian postillion puts in the carriage generally three or four horses abreast, which he directs from his seat; in this manner he descends the steepest declivities, not whipping his horses, but speaking to them; and to get up a steep place, he encourages them by his voice, that, without any other excitation, they carry along the equipage at a rapid pace, and will perish rather than give up. The bottom of these horses is so remarkable, that often a postillion, in coming to the place to change horses, asks the traveller permission to continue, although he has already run over 30 werstes (about twenty miles), and has still a like distance to go. To make 10 or 12 werstes, or 7 miles an hour, is to go very slowly, for the couriers generally travel from St. Petersburgh to Moscow in 42 to 45 hours. The distance is 729 werstes; which is about 17 werstes or 11 miles an hour, without deducting the time which they lose in attaching and detaching the horses, and in taking refreshment.

The breed of Russian horses, properly speaking, is not suitable for the saddle, therefore they are used but rarely to fill up the vacancies in the cavalry; their broad chest, buttocks, and large bones rendering them much more proper for the shafts; so that they are not much engaged but as draught horses.

It must be understood, that it is not here a question regarding the horses reared in the breeding studs of the great proprietors or

rich boyards of Russia; both in the one and the other, those brought forth are artificial; the possessors of these establishments spare no expense to procure stallions of a foreign breed, principally English; but, in general, they are too little occupied with their genealogies, and this negligence, which is difficult to correct, has made them often regret having made acquisitions which they thought good, whilst they were middling or bad. A fine animal, which chance hath given birth to from an ordinary father and mother, rarely produces descendants which resemble him; more likely he transmits the faults of his predecessors, than his own good qualities, to his colts. It is therefore very necessary to pay particular attention to the pedigrees before every other thing.

Another fault into which they fall, in all the great breeding studs of Russia, is, that without distinction of locality, all the breeding mares are left, during that which they call the fine season, in the pastures, however wet and marshy they may be. This method is as fatal to the mares covered by the choice stallions, as by those of an ordinary kind, and whose colts are in their turn destined as breeders, that economy in this matter is badly placed; they will of this be easily convinced in taking two mares covered by the same stallion, of which one remains constantly in the pasture, and the other fed with hay and oats cultivated on a dry soil. No doubt the foal of the latter will much surpass in quality that of the former, and the difference will be more striking, when the two have reached the age when they are fit for service.

Every one knows how much care and attention young colts require. They rarely obtain this in Russia. Thus the produce of the most beautiful stallions there degenerate quickly; they keep them in a tainted atmosphere during winter, or in stables badly closed, out of which they do not carry the dung until it is in large heaps. These young animals suck their mothers as long as the latter, by instinct, will allow them;—for six or eight months the milk would be more than sufficient, and would not weaken the mother, but the surplus milk does more harm to the foal than good.

The stallions of high price are the only ones which are led for coupling; all the others are sent to the pastures with the mares, and one may conceive how much this permanent communication excites and enervates them. They allege as an excuse for this system, that it would be too difficult to keep a sufficient number of stallions in the stables for the service of a breeding stud, where the mares sometimes exceed thousands. That it would be a grievous necessity, because it is very prejudicial to the preservation and prosperity of the species.

In a great number of establishments of this nature, they often employ stallions too young; they cover at the age of three or four, when they have not as yet acquired their full growth. This they ought not to be allowed to do until they are five or six years of age, when their development has satisfied the intention of nature.

That which I have stated applies in general to the breeding studs in Russia, but there are honorable exceptions. We can, for example, applaud the good order and judgment which prevails in

the organization and conducting of some of these studs in Little Russia, and in the Ukraine. The rich proprietors to whom these establishments belong, have obtained at any price the most beautiful stallions, and the best breeding mares from every country in the world: the produce which they thus obtain, and of which they take great care, almost always realizes their expectations. I have seen these colts sold extremely dear, so as to pay the enormous sum which they cost to breed and bring up.

Livonia and Estonia produce a species of horses of a middling height, with the forehead flat, the chest rather large, the breast ample, the shape or belly deep, the buttocks round, the legs fine, and the hoof well made. These horses are very hardy, and suitable for the saddle as well as harness. We do not meet with large breeding studs in these provinces; ten or twelve breeding mares are all that the most opulent proprietors keep. The peasants breed the same kind of horses as their "*seigneurs*," and are in general well mounted. It is very rare to find with them a vicious horse. In the islands of O'Esel, the species of these animals present the same characteristics, but do not reach the same height.

The government of Archangel furnishes a species of horses which they call "*messenski*;" they are small, well put together, legs fine, and neck "*large*," and they possess good bottom. This kind is only distinct from that called *meschki* by the smallness of its stature. The horses of the species *meschki*, having manes very long, have beautiful eyes, and are distinguished by their courage and swiftness; nevertheless, they prefer employing them in the shafts: almost all of them are excellent trotters. They are in many respects the same kind as the original horses of Great Russia.

In the vicinity of Viatka, on the Wolga, a government adjacent to those of Casan, of Perm, and of Kostrama, we meet with a species of horses which differs from those of Great Russia: they are not so large in their make, the head is better proportioned, the ears are small, the chest well formed, though more inclined to be large than thin, the buttock round, the mane fine; this species suits well for the saddle, and above all, for fresh horses for the cavalry. They furnish excellent trotters, which sell at high prices, and are much esteemed through the whole empire. These horses are frequently engaged in Traineau, at sledge races, and considerable bets are laid by their masters. They resemble a good deal those of Livonia, they pretend that that is their origin, but now they are become superior to their ancestors, either on account of the climate or by the superior care with which they are treated in their new country.

In the government of Kofura, or Kolywan, which includes a part of Siberia, they meet among the Tartars scattered upon the banks of the Tomsk, and of the Oby, a kind of small horse of a regular conformation. These horses suit better for harness than the saddle, —they are excellent trotters. Formerly these Tartars inhabited the mountains of Altar, under the dominion of the Songares, a Mongolian colony. They shook off the yoke about 1616, and

took refuge in Siberia, where the Russians accorded them protection. From a wandering race they have become farmers, and given themselves up to the raising of horses in which they have a considerable trade.

We likewise find a great number of horses amongst the Tongs, and Bratzky Tartars inhabiting the neighboring mountains of lake Baikel. These horses are well made, with beautiful heads and chests, handsome legs, and the feet firm; their defect is being of too small size, they climb with ease the highest mountains. When they have made a rather long journey, their masters leave them fifteen or twenty hours without food or water, pretending that without this precaution, many of them would perish. To prevent horses in travelling from taking hold of anything eatable on the ground, they bridle them in a manner that they cannot lower their heads; and when they arrive, the ring of their halter is thrust into a cord strongly bent, which permits them to go and come from one end of the rope to the other, but makes them hold up their heads in such a way as to prevent them reaching the grass with their mouths, which they trample upon instead of allaying their hunger; this is the real torment of Tantalus revived.

In the same government, towards the frontier of China, there is found a particular species of horse very small, but well proportioned, very active and sure footed. What is most singular in these horses is their spotted skin, as if produced by drops of different colors, except black: they have very bushy manes and tails, whilst in general the spotted horses of other countries have these parts very thin. Without doubt, the smallness of these horses must be attributed to the influence of the rigorous climate; nevertheless, this fault is redeemed by the other superior qualities which they possess, fleetness, bottom, courage, but they with difficulty support the changes of climate.

The Iakuttes, though using principally the reindeer, sometimes employ horses for riding and the pack saddle, because it is impossible to travel otherwise in a country where no roads exist.

In the peninsula of Kamtschatka, the natives only employ dogs to draw their sledges; the horses which are seen in that country belong exclusively to Turkish agents.

The extreme negligence of the Kamtschadales is one of the causes of the rarity of cattle in their country; these last, never having shelter, are devoured by the dogs, the wolves, and the bears, against the attacks of which they take no precautions.

The Kamtschadales employ the dogs for their service only in winter; they let them loose as soon as the snow melts, so that they may themselves find food in the best manner they can. These dogs being less timid and better hunters than the other carniverous animals, unite in numerous bands, approach the habitations, and pillage every thing which excites their appetites. When winter returns, they enter by instinct the houses of their masters, where they are fed with the fish bones collected on purpose, of the fish caught during the favorable season.

The horses of the Kirghises are remarkably ugly; all have a

head like a sheep, lower jaws unwieldy, the neck of a stag, buttocks of a pig, the breast narrow, their legs and hoofs are better made. They rarely reach the middle height, and one cannot say to what particular purpose they are best suited.

The Kirghises form two hordes, the great and the little; the former is not considered to belong to Russia; the latter was put under the protection of that power in 1754; but although there are always hostages of the Kirghises at Orembourg, the Russian frontiers are not the less disturbed by these vagabonds. They are obliged always to keep up a strong *cordon militaire*.

The two hordes of Kirghises possess numerous herds of horses, of horned cattle, and sheep. The flesh of the ox or the sheep do not please them, they throw them away, and only keep the tallow to sell at the fairs of Orembourg. Their sheep get so fat, and their tails so heavy, that often they are unable to walk.

The Baschkins, who inhabit that part south of the Oural mountains which extends between the Wolga and the Kuma, possess a breed of horses of which the distinguishing characters are, pig-like head, lower jaw very thick, chest short and strong, breast large, legs strong, the mane and tail very bushy. These horses are vigorous, and not only endure great fatigue, but the intemperature of the climate. They are never under shelter, and in winter they are only fed with the grass which they find under the snow by scraping with their feet; in spring, when their food becomes better by the activity of vegetation, they recover in a few days their *en bon point*, which they had lost during the inclement season.

The Baschkins form pulks or regiments which the Russians employ in war as light troops, and against the Kirghises, to bring them to order when they commit robberies. These last are very much afraid of the Baschkins, who formerly were only a wandering people like themselves, but who now have fixed habitations without being less warlike than formerly. They resemble the Bulgarians, from whom one would believe they are descended, notwithstanding the opinion that they are sprung from the Nogain Tartars.

Between Astrakan and Kislan, near the mouth of the Kuma, dwells a colony of Turkoman emigrants, who raise a great number of horses of a middling race, but well put together. These horses are of little use, except in their native country; taken to another they waste away and soon die. They can only attribute this to the want of mineral salt, which these animals find in their native pastures, where this substance is every where strewed.

The Nogain Tartars dwell on the banks of the Caspian sea, they have numerous breeding studs, in which they raise very good horses, which are distinguished by a fine head and limbs, good hoofs, and of great fleetness. They prefer these horses to those of the Crimea from which they are descended. The Nogains live like the Kalmucks and all the wandering races. When their flocks have consumed the grass of the place which they have occupied for any length of time, they go farther on and transplant their huts, which are made of felt, but are not folded up like those of the

Kalmucks, These huts are placed entire in high carts with two wheels, with the women and children. The wheels of these carts never being greased, produce most infernal music when a number of them are together.

The Kalmucks on the banks of the Wolga, from Sarepta to the *steppes* of Astrakan and of the Don, that is to say, on a space of about 800 werstes, furnish to the Russian army many horses for the light cavalry. The pastures of these countries are excellent, and feed flocks of all kinds. Formerly Prussia and Austria sent there to purchase new horses for their cavalry. The Cossacks of the Don make a trade in these horses, which they sell as if proceeding from their own proper breed.

The origin of this race of horses is very uncertain. The Kalmucks, who possessed them, came, in 1725, and settled on the Wolga, bringing with them their flocks. The Russian Government having displeased these colonies, have unfortunately rendered them much less numerous than they would have been on the banks of the river, which they enriched by their industry. 16,000 Kalmuck families have taken the route to China, from which they have emigrated, and have brought with them a great number of horses and beasts of every kind. The Chinese government being much dissatisfied with their former flight, received them badly on their return, they hanged their chiefs, and scattered the rest throughout the empire.

They raise a great number of horses on the banks of the Don. The Cossacks of that country possess, according to their means, breeding studs more or less considerable. They cite a certain Iefernow, or Hetman of the Don, who left to his heirs 20,000 horses. Such a statement will appear to many persons exaggerated: it is, however, a well known fact over all Russia.

In the breeding studs of the rich Cossacks we find excellent horses, of a hardiness and strength which will stand any proof. They have generally the head a little *brusque*, the lower jaw strong, the chest projecting from the withers, the body long, terminating by a breast large and well formed. Their croup is remarkably beautiful; the fore legs are well made, the hoof rather high than flat, has, on examination, a horn hard and solid, capable of being a long time used without a shoe. These horses are of a middling size; in walking, their motion is very near the ground, but when they are put on a quicker pace, they display themselves with freedom and lightness. The model of the horses of the Don resembles that of the Circassians.*

* The Circassian horses, which are almost entirely unknown in Europe, possess elegance of form, pliancy of limbs, beauty of the head and chest, which we admire in the Arabian horses. They easily support fatigue and privations, their pace is always firm and sure in the midst of ways the most difficult, and on the borders of precipices.

The Circassian is very fond of his horse, sleeps with him under the same shelter, and treats him as his own child. He never strikes him, neither with a stick or whip; he plays with and caresses him. He immediately stops his play and caresses when the horse has committed a fault, and that privation is apparently a severe punishment for these animals.

The Circassian horses are taught to swim, and to perform with quickness the horse exercise and movements which may be useful to their masters in mountainous warfare. They teach them to swim and pass the most rapid rivers. We see these animals display wonderful skill, above all in the critical moments when their masters, pressed by a superior force of the enemy, are obliged to have recourse to flight.

We see often in these retrograde movements, before stopping or retarding the enemy's

Generally amongst the lower class of the Cossacks, we only find very middling horses, and almost entirely unfitted for the regular cavalry. The reason of their bad state is, notwithstanding the hard work which they oblige them to perform, they are equally ill fed and taken care of.* The mares with foal are left during the winter in the fields, where they never go to take them, except to put them to work, or for riding. If the quantity of snow obliges the proprietors to place them under shelter, they get no corn, and do not find themselves better off than when at liberty.

The Ukraine possesses many breeding studs, and the horses which they produce are beautiful, light, and large. These are, amongst all the species which are found in Russia, best suited for light cavalry; there are likewise a few proper for heavy cavalry. Their head is beautiful, their chest well made, in general their proportions are noble, and their movements graceful. Notwithstanding the possibility of using them for remounting the heavy cavalry, they generally procure the horses for that purpose in Little Russia, and in the districts of Tambow and Woronetz, where the species commonly acquire the height and strong conformation necessary.

There are in Little Russia *seigneurs* who possess considerable studs, from which the regiments could take the horses necessary for supplying the vacancies, which sometimes amount to 100 head for one of these establishments. The stallions which are kept there are of a foreign breed, mostly English. As to the mares, they choose them from amongst the best of their stud.

This country has not a primitive race which can be considered as such; this is the reason why we do not meet with a kind having a marked type. The gentlemen of small property usually buy their stallions from the great breeding studs, where I have often seen many of those brought up, differing so much amongst themselves, that it was very difficult to believe they were foaled in the same country.

Little Russia contains much rich and fenny land, on which they

pursuit, the Circassian horsemen make a sign to their horses to lay down and appear as if dead, during which, hid behind the body and saddle, they adjust their guns and fire, leaning their muskets on the head of the animal. After having fired two or three shots, they remount and disappear with the rapidity of lightning. One would hardly credit, with what facility these horses understand the various words which their masters use to cause them to execute the different movements.

Notwithstanding our civilization, we are much inferior to these simple Circassian highlanders, in the art of training horses to obtain their prompt obedience, and to be loved by them.

It is extremely rare to find a vicious horse amongst the mountains of Circassia; treated from their tenderest age with consideration and kindness, these animals are extremely gentle. You may see them playing with the children, lend themselves to their frolics, and carefully avoid doing them any injury.

As soon as they can be rode upon, and become useful, a trained man mounts them, and succeeds easily in breaking them in, without having recourse to violent means.

* Good treatment, sufficiency of food regularly given, daily grooming, and under cover where the air circulates freely, are the best methods of ameliorating the breed of horses, and to preserve their natural good qualities. They with reason highly praise the Arabian horses, and they believe that to their origin alone we can attribute their swiftness, their great activity, and all the good qualities which distinguish them. But intelligent travellers have remarked, that in all places where horses are well treated, sufficiently fed, well sheltered, and kept clean, they perceive amongst them, at least where they are not given to a natural vice, the development of the brilliant qualities which distinguish the Arabian breed of horses. It is the negligence of the breeders to which we may attribute in many countries the degeneration of the horse; it is by the assiduous care of the grooms that the English, with the aid of skilfully crossing the breed, have procured their beautiful race, coach, or draught horses.

raise the species of horse which suits best for the heavy cavalry: nevertheless, the horses brought up by the peasants are not fit for that purpose, the little care which they bestow in sheltering and feeding them, incapacitates these animals from being useful to the army as cavalry horses.

The local influence and the care bestowed on domestic animals, is strikingly displayed in the difference which we observe between the horses of the peasantry in Great and Little Russia. The former only having pastures of an indifferent kind, but being taken in autumn into the stables, where they give them dry forage and oats, are of middling size, but strong and vigorous; whilst the others, living in a fertile country, where their development would be produced to the fullest extent, continue small and weak, because of the negligence of their masters, who never dream of the evils which are entailed upon them by the rigors of the winter, which they pass without shelter, and without food, except what they find under the snow.*

In the government of Ekaterinoslaw, and above all, in the districts situated between the Dnieper, and the Bug, exist species of horses called *Zaporoges*, which are not only the best horses in all Russia, but the best in Europe for the service of light cavalry. This race is of a type entirely eastern. They are not of a great size; but their head is perfect, their ears fine and well set, the chest pliant and delicate, the breast beautifully proportioned, the croup equally beautiful, sound, and strong limbs, like the Arabian horse; the hoof cannot be better formed. The climate of the country allows the horses to remain all the year in the pastures, and the cavalry cantoned in the neighborhood always fill up their vacancies from them. At the end of each campaign, one can convince one's self of the excellence of these horses, *Zaporoges;* for when the light cavalry of the other provinces of Russia is entirely ruined, these are in the best state †

We don't know with certainty the origin of this valuable species, and I don't pretend here to give more than my personal opinion on this subject, being willing to admit any other version which can be supported by facts more positive.

The first *Cosaques Zaporoges* formed the guard of the Hetman of Little Russia; since then they have augmented this troop, which was sent to the frontiers of the Crimea to oppose the incursions of the Tartars. But those who ought to have suppressed robbery, formed in their turn pillaging bands, which spread into Poland, and the Turkish provinces, where the most beautiful horses were the principal object of their coveteousness. Returning to the country which their descendants now inhabit, with the valuable

* There is another reason which opposes itself to the development of the size and qualities of the horse in these fertile countries, in those particularly which are in want of roads well repaired, it is the hard labor in the plough and carts. The greater part of the horses taken for this labor, are horses of the age of from two to three years, and are ruined before they have attained their full growth.

† Why don't we procure these horses, *Zaporoges?* If they were brought up with more care, and if instead of abandoning them all the year in their immense pastures, where, it is true indeed, they find abundance of food, but not very nutritive, and where they are exposed to all the rigor of the winter; if they sheltered and fed them better, and in fine, if they treated them as the English horses are, it is probable that then they would be equal to the best coursers in Europe.

stallions which they had thus carried off, the favorable circumstances of the locality has powerfully contributed to the successful industry of these people, and has well seconded the zeal which they have shown to re-produce and keep up a noble race of horses. Thus the oriental blood, according to my opinion, may be considered as the stock of those they now possess, and of which the good qualities cannot be denied.

The hay which they cultivate in this province, may be compared to the best that is known; it contains so much nutritive juices that the horses that are fed on it can easily do without oats. The soil is the best one could wish, for raising the finest and hardiest horses.

There are no mountains in this country, but many hills and ravines, the bottoms of which are sandy, wherein run clear and wholesome streams. Marshes are rare; nevertheless you see ponds and lakes, of which the banks and bottoms, instead of being soft and muddy, are of a solid nature. The numerous rivulets, which traverse the country in every direction, furnish in general lympic and excellent water, which is in vain sought for in other districts.

The firm nature of the soil, the fine and aromatic grass which grows thereon, concur in producing the quality of the legs and feet of the horses who pasture on such grounds, whilst the prairie pastures have a tendency to give, as every one knows, to the animals that graze upon them, thick bones and large feet, a constitution lymphatic and tender, inconveniences which neither art nor care can remedy.

Catherine II., to put an end to the incursions of the Zaporoges, caused to be surrounded the chief place of their residence, called Felche, into which no woman was admitted, but only warriors, by a considerable body of regular troops, commanded by Tekely, general of cavalry. This general sent for Kutschewai, their chief, and notified to him, that he and his followers having wearied the patience and goodness of the Empress, enjoined them to retire to the *steppes* of Kuban, neighbors of the Don Cossacks, where they could exercise surveillance, and suppress more easily their excesses. They only allowed the married and quiet to remain in the villages which they had constructed; the others, after their emigration, changed their name of Zaporoges for that of Tchernamorzi, which signifies inhabitants of the coasts of the Black Sea.

Notwithstanding all this, they could not prevent a part of these last from passing into Turkey and Besserabia. Restless and turbulent, they would not allow the least restraint to be imposed on them, even for their own good, to make them leave the power to which they were tributaries; notwithstanding, when, in 1791, war was declared between Russia and the Porte, they came and joined with their ancient comrades, to fight against the Turks, and since that time they have not attempted to withdraw from the dominion of the Muscovites. The population in the districts which they inhabit increases rapidly every year.

The Tchernamorzi brought from their former possessions as

many horses and cattle as possible, and now possess considerable breeding studs. In a journey which I took to the *steppes* of Kuban, I visited several villages, in which I could convince myself that the inhabitants applied themselves with much intelligence and zeal to bring up good and beautiful horses. They don't determine but with much pain to sell them, so much in imitation of the Arabs, they bear attachment to the companions of their toils. I do not think that the change of abode has an unfavorable influence on the horses, *Zaporoges*, because the climate, although warmer than their ancient country, contains equally good pastures on a firm soil, where winding rivers and rivulets furnish abundant and wholesome water.

On the *steppes* of the Oural, situated in the province of Orenbourg, as well as in those of Kuban, we meet with a number of wild horses; however, their numbers diminish every year, on account of the country becoming more populous.

Several Cossack officers, stationed on the road to Caucasus, who have crossed the *steppes* of the Kuban, which presents a surface of country extending about 280 miles in length, and nearly the like breadth, informed me that they had often pursued the wild horses, without being able to get sufficiently near to take them, because these animals keep a rigorous and vigilant guard, to prevent the possibility of their being surprised. When one troop is pasturing in the valleys, centinels and videttes are placed by the leader on the surrounding heights, to warn them of danger, and give the signal of flight. Sometimes fifty Cossacks well mounted, fatigue themselves uselessly for half a day, endeavoring to make a capture without success. There is only one manner practicable for catching wild horses in this country; it is by throwing a running noose or knot round the neck, when within reach, and bear them down, causing them to lose their respiration.

The stallions of these bands always seek sexual intercourse with the mares belonging to individuals, when they allow them to pasture in their neighborhood; they seduce them by their caresses, and carry them off; but they are soon tired of the new society in which they find themselves placed, and when an opportunity presents itself return to their former masters. We also meet with, in the middle of these *steppes*, species of wild horses, which for more than a century have never been recruited but by horses and mares escaped from the domestic state. Although it is not less difficult to seize these last than the others, and they are equally afraid of the approach of man, the Cossacks don't fail sometimes to catch them, and the officers whom I have mentioned possess several, of which they speak very highly. Their conformation is excellent, their legs and feet leave nothing to be desired. The color of their skin is various, excepting black.

Although very savage when they first fall into the hands of man, good treatment soon renders them very docile, without making them lose their mettle, and the bottom for which they are distinguished. They are of a middling size, but their shape regular and strong. They do not assemble, when at liberty, in more than bands of 150 or 200.

There exists in the Crimea, a species of horses of a size beneath those of which I have just spoken: but these animals are very vigorous and hardy; they have a peculiarly fine head, and the hoofs are very well made. In examining them with attention, one perceives that they are descended from the Turkish and Circassian horses.

Russia, after the scrupulous observations which I have made, is perhaps of all countries in the world the best supplied with horses for war. All the connoisseurs who have traversed that vast empire can bear evidence to this fact. Although the cavalry of the Emperor is very numerous and well mounted, they could have three times the number, without the new horses being inferior to those which keep up the regiments as they now are. In all parts of this extensive territory, we find horses suited for light cavalry, of an excellent constitution, very docile, and very hardy; valuable resources, which none of the other nations of Europe can have recourse to.

No-Angler's Angling:

A CHRONICLE OF

FISHING FROLICS AND FROLICSOME FISHERMEN, DOWN-EAST.

NUMBER I.

"The fellow-anglers of my youthful days—
I watch them re-assembling by the stream,
And on the group with many a musing gaze."—STODDART.

THE company! The company! Here is the secret of all the sport I could ever find in "the gentle craft," which old Izaak has immortalized, and which good Master Cotton so cottoned unto. In my thinking, "Ursa Major" was perfectly in the right when he said "A worm at one end, and a fool at the other," if he intended thereby to describe the solitary angler. Now I quarrel with no man's opinion, because it does not happen to agree with my own; but this is mine, right or wrong. Give me a good companion—nay, as many more than one as know how to make themselves agreeable, and I am willing to be as pisciverous as any angler of you all, and catch fish, cook fish, talk fish, and eat fish, from May till September. So would I do by any other sport, whether it be fowling, hunting deer, or fox, or hare, or elephant. I do not know about the eating part of the obligation as regards the last; yet have I heard that the first eighteen inches of an elephant's trunk, cooked Bologna sausage fashion, are not so bad. This is a story of Ned S——'s, and I give it as I had it. *I* never ate elephant, I frankly avow. Ned says that he has, and I have never known him to fib—much!

I have been something of an angler, in my way, and in my day: and I confess to that glorious exhilaration, that tingling ecstacy of delight, which your true Waltonians and Cottonians are so fond of describing, as the consequence of hooking a first rater. There are few feelings like it in man's experience here below. Drawing a prize in the lottery? First love? The first kiss? Going married? Taking gas? Hearing Malibran? Seeing Fanny in "La Sylphide"? I believe that comes nearest: at all events it will answer.

Yes! There is a delicious excitement, soothing while it stirs, in the loveliest of all woodland sports. It is a contentment, born of Nature to the heart of man, which is ever fruitful, when, bird-like, it will brood timely on its nest. We lose the fruit of the growing tree, because we prefer to pluck the blossom. Nature is constant, but we are careless of her winsome wooing. We are sophisticate, —or we should all love Angling! I was growing "deep," *and* "dull," (to quote Pope's pungent parody on poor Dyer,) and have *revenoned* rather abruptly to my *mutton*, as you see.

Though I love this sport, I yet affect not, in any degree, the barbarity of bait-fishing. This is too matter of fact a mode of proceeding for my taste. There is no sentiment in the thing. It is not needful that a gentleman turn himself into a fisherman, because he loves "the gentle craft." He might as well take a stall at the lower end of Catharine Market, and sell fish for his living, and have done with it, as to go out with a box full of nasty worms, and slimy muscles, and nauseous clams, under his belt. It is altogether too butcherly a mode of doing the thing, as I view it. "I may be wrong, but that is my opinion," as the Placide says so placidly. I am of James Thomson's mind in this: he gives the angler his proper fit-out, when he sends him afield with

> ——— "the well-dissembled fly,
> The rod, fine tapering with elastic spring,"

and warns him, christianly, to

> —— "let not on his hook the tortured worm,
> Convulsive, twist in agonizing folds:
> Which, by rapacious hunger swallowed deep,
> Gives, as he tears it from the bleeding breast
> Of the weak, helpless, uncomplaining fish,
> Harsh pain and horror."

I consider this advice of Mr. Thomson to be alike worthy of his head and heart. When men go abroad to take fish on a wager, fish for fish, including every thing that hath fins, and eels (which are only water-snakes) besides, it becomes a different matter entirely. I am talking of Trouting, and there is all the difference between this and all other kinds of fishing, that there is between shooting woodcock and knocking sparrows off a rail-fence with a billet of wood. I care not who knows my notions about the matter, but I contend, angler or no-angler, that the only orthodox way of taking trout is with the fly.

By-the-bye, can the editor of the "Turf Register" tell his humble servant, from any practical experience or observation of his own, what that process is, called "tickling the trout?" All I know

about it I derive from a most amusing anecdote my father used to be fond of telling of the well known Dr. G——, who was for many years the minister of Old Trinity at B——. He was dining with a parishioner of his on a Christmas day, and was giving a most particular and graphic account of this same process of "tickling trout." He was English born, and was educated at Harrow, where the world-renowned Parr was his instructer in "the humanities." While telling his story, with much gesticulation—placing his fingers in the proper "tickling" position, and, bringing them gradually down to the table-cloth, was describing the stealthy approach of the tickler to where the trout was supposed to be lying perdue,—he was suddenly called upon by the hostess, at the other end of the board, to return thanks. Leaving the story at this intensely interesting and critical point, the Dr. rose with the rest of the guests, went rapidly through the "grace after meat," and, while the reverential hush was still remaining undisturbed, he turned quickly round to the interested auditors of his story, and smartly clapping his hands together, said, (in the same breath with the "Amen" to his grace,) "*and* THAT'S *the way we tickle the trout, Sir!*"

But to return once more! I was talking of the fly. So, about a year ago, was the "Register;" and, so far as I, a no-angler, am a judge, (I *am* a Justice of the Peace,—though my commission for seven years is almost out,) the "Register" is orthodox on this topic. There is nothing (or mighty little, if anything,) in the doctrine that seasons and streams have their peculiar flies. I know to the contrary. "Give us a red or brown hackle for the end of our leader, with a black midge for the first dropper, and a light salmon-colored butterfly, not larger than your thumb-nail, for the second, and we can raise from his cool retreat the craftiest trout that ever gorged a grasshopper, or turned up his nose at a green-horn." That is good doctrine; but what is "a green-horn?" Is it a kind of fly, or insect,—as may be supposed from its apposition with the grasshopper? It cannot surely mean —— well, no matter! It does not mean *me!* *I* am no green-horn. I am a no-angler, I admit. But no trout ever "turned up his nose" at me; at least not until he had taken my fly, and I had taken him. These *real* anglers are so vain of their amphibiousness!

Srumfredévi, (as an Italian once spelled the name of the author of "Salmonia,") is interesting on this matter of the fly, and has a deal of valuable learning, the teaching of experience, thereupon. But the most full and reliable oracle I know of, is an annual, published some years ago in London—a beautiful book—which never saw a second number, I apprehend. Every American as well as English trout-fisher should own a copy of it, and yet I only know of one of the former who does. *Isn't* he a Waltonian? But I must not anticipate. I have a little more of this desultory work to do, ere I settle to my main object. We will have Tom, and *the other Tom*, and Major Mac, and the V.'s, and the rest, all in good time. *Festina lente!*

That was a brave trout of whom Cypress sang so deliciously, in the May "Register"!

"The angler's fly
Comes dancing by,
But never a moment it cheats my eye!"

That was because it was not made right, or not thrown right, or the individual angled for did not love fly. A merry Baron of my acquaintance, now ruralising up the island, would say the fish was not *fly*, that is, he would not *bite*,—or, in other words, was *not to be had*—of course you could not *sell* him! This is all *my* eye, as well as the trout's. There is a perfect incompatibility between ichthiality and ideality. Fishes are fools! *Nice* as they are to eat, you cannot make brain sauce for them out of their own *capita mortua*. "The thing's onpossible!" as the elder Veller eloquently expressed himself, in reference to something equally apocryphal.

But the first stanza of that same trout-song is worthy of a perennial bay. It is just the most natural and exact, as well as the most quaint and laughter-moving six lines I ever read. I leave it to "Christopher in his Alcove," if it is not almighty great, in its way. Remember, reader, *Piscis loquitur!*

"Down in the deep
Dark holes I keep,
And there, in the noontide, *I float and sleep!*
By the hemlock log,
And the springing bog,
And the arching alders, I lie incog!"

Hard to beat, old Crutch-bearer, I can tell you!

By the way, I am free to aver that, (albeit not remarkable for incredulity,) I do not believe that story of Cypress's friend Ned, about the mermaid, nor Dan's about the merman. I have got a friend Ned, too, who is "no slouch" at this kind of thing—but he never drew quite so big a draft as that upon my credulity yet. Excepting one—yes, I must except one! Ned says he has been where the rattlesnakes were so thick that they swarmed as bees do; and it being cold weather, they twisted themselves up with each other, till they made about ten thousand fathom of ten inch cable, and then coiled away the whole mass on the south side of a sunny hill, and laid there from Christmas till April-fool's day! Now I think this is a better story than that of Cypress's Ned's about the mermaid, or *my* Ned's about the Elephants' trunks!

Next month, I will have more to say upon these matters. I only came now to make my bow and introduce myself. Having "found out the way," I will come again, and prove to the reader the fitness of my *nom de guerre*,—"No-Angler!"—Perhaps, like Leontes, in "Winter's Tale," however,

——— "I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line!"

But we will see about it!

NO-ANGLER.

SOMETHING LIKE SHOOTING.

Now that a certain set in this country have found out that fox-hunting is "dead slow," and that steeple-chasing, with two to one on the coroner, is the only pastime for gentlemen, it will be a real blessing to assist them with a wrinkle as to where a bit of trigger-work may be done, upon a scale befitting a "tall man." To this end, we have selected the subjoined extract from a late number of the "Bengal Sporting Magazine;" it is a portion of an article entitled, "Our Doings at Chingmaree."

"March 5th.—Found a large male rhinoceros close to camp; he was standing with his head towards me, and so still, I at first fancied it was a huge log of wood: as he turned from me I gave him a shot, which dropt him dead; he measured, at the shoulder, seven feet two inches; had a perfect and remarkably thick horn, though only twelve inches in length.

"6th—Beat from nine until three, without coming on a living thing; returned disgusted to camp, when information came of two cows having been killed, two miles away. Had not patience to wait until morning, but must needs beat up the tiger's quarters that evening. What was the consequence? why, that we reached the place with just sufficient daylight to see a fine tigress making off for a tope of trees; the distance proved to be nearer six miles than two; I followed the tigress—P. the cub; she had two.

"We were neither of us successful; as soon as the elephants entered the tope, the tigress came down, making a terrible noise at being disturbed; there was too much underwood and too little daylight, for me to see her, and she managed to slip back and away, God knows where. In the evening, information of a bullock having been killed at Kulparah was brought.

"7th.—Beat for the tigress again, but her ladyship was out; proceeded to where the cow had been killed the evening before, and found it had been carried during the night, into a tope of trees, too thick for the howdah elephants to enter. Put in the pads, and took up positions, P. on one side, I on the other, and line advanced. In less than half a minute out came a tigress on P.'s side, who sent two balls at her, followed her into a patch of grass, when up she jumped on a pad elephant's head, and then charged. P. got between his elephant's hind legs, and punished her most cruelly. Not a shot could I fire, for laughing at P.'s chupprassy, who was roaring out to me to go to his assistance, *as the tigress was devouring him, and no mistake.* I fired at last, and obliged her to let go her hold, and finished her at the same time. Beating a nullah, on our way homeward, put up a bear, and astonished him with a ball in his seat of honor—but gave ourselves no further trouble about him.

"8th.—A buffalo killed near the Saul Forest: beat *every* inch of *every* nullah within reach, and as much of the forest as was possible, but no tiger could we find; he must have taken himself into

the heart of the forest, where of course he was safe; a peacock was all we killed.

"9th.—I shall not forget last night in a hurry; passing from the Routee(which we had had brought up) to the hut,which we continued to use as a sleeping apartment, I put my foot into a kettle of boiling water, which a servant of the Doctor's had placed in the very middle of the path: it was a *very dark night, recollect.* I was awfully scalded, as may be imagined; the Doctor ordered it into cold water immediately, and there I kept it all night.

"In my crippled state, it was considered advisable to remain quiet to-day; but being tolerably free from pain towards the afternoon, we moved ground to the banks of the Durlah, killing, on our way, a few jungle-fowl and hares. During the evening, intelligence came of a cow having been killed at Rajadangah.

"10th.—When on our way to the tiger-ground, we were met by a man who had had a bullock killed, late yesterday evening, close to where we then were; proceeded at once to the place—a lovely spot for a tiger to take up his quarters in, on the bank of a nullah. This gentleman, however, was not satisfied with it, and had taken the bullock into another branch of the nullah, a very strong place indeed, impossible to be beat. We got one momentary glimpse of him, and that was all; leaving him in quiet possession of his stronghold, we proceeded on our way to Rajadangah, where we found the cow had been killed in the centre of a large plain, free from jungle, excepting a little grass on the isles, and a ravine, with a few rather heavy but small patches of grass in it. The tiger had evidently been watching us, for we could see him sneaking away, before we had reached within 200 yards of him. We came up with him in the ravine, when he again endeavored to sneak away behind the cover of an isle; but, seeing he was observed, he stopt for one instant, and then made the most beautiful charge I ever witnessed, coming down at least seventy yards, at my elephant, over an open piece of ground. I waited until he was within twenty yards or so from me, when I stopt him: he then caught one of the pad elephants by a hind leg, and held on until another shot brought him at me again, when I floored him. My unfortunate foot, what with the sun and shaking of the elephant, was now dreadfully painful; so we bent our steps homewards.

"11th.—No intelligence; so determined to give my foot a chance, by remaining at home; the Doctor went out, but had little sport, merely killing a few jungle-fowl and pea-fowl.

"12th.—Heard of a man having been killed by a tiger; he was tending his cows, when the tiger made a rush at one of them; but missed his mark, and picked up the man as he retreated to the jungle. The Doctor went to see what could be done, but returned unsuccessful.

"13th.—The first thing I heard on opening my eyes this morning, was the growl of a tiger, close to the tent: the day had broken, so I was sure he would remain near at hand; and, in fact, we found him in a nullah, not 100 yards from camp. On being roused, he made for rather a heavy, though not extensive, patch of grass,

down the nullah; here we put him up *five* times, without being able to get a shot at him, and *each time* did he pull down an elephant, nearly expended one mahout, and frightened my classy out of his senses. The sixth time we put him up, he singled out the Doctor's elephant for punishment, and in one moment he had her down. He then let go his hold of her, and charged the howdah; laid hold of the upper side-bar, close to the Doctor's arm, and carried the whole side of the howdah away. I had now to finish the business alone, the Doctor being, of course, obliged to leave the field, and content himself with witnessing the rest of the proceedings from the opposite bank of the nullah. None of the mahouts were very willing to return to the fight: I selected, however, two elephants, which had not tasted the tiger's claws, and proceeded to business, and very soon caught a sight of my friend, as he was preparing to make his charge. Sent a shot at him forthwith, which put an end to his charging for the future, though it took two or three more to kill him. He was the largest tiger I ever was at the death of, though by no means the longest, for he barely covered eleven feet; but in height, every allowance made for his not being on his legs, he measured four feet five inches."

A FEW WORDS TO FLY-FISHERS.

THE following observations owe their existence to the differences of opinion which pervade the works of the most popular writers on the subject of Angling: they are all full of excellent matter:—Ronalds, philosophical; Younger, the latest Scottish author on the subject, most simply practical; Hofland, elaborately so. Yet, curious as it may seem, they differ, *toto cœlo*, from each other, about some of the most important points of practice, such as the choice of flies, and the proper length of fly-rods; while none of them give any directions that can guide the tyro in the art of throwing the line lightly.

Equipment.—Most of these discrepancies seem to arise from the difference of circumstances and situation in which anglers are placed, and a regard to which must always guide the beginner in choosing the materials, or tools, for the exercise of the art. Thus, let us suppose him, as a matter of course, to have provided a fishing-rod, reel, reel-line, casting-lines, and artificial flies; in England, where very many of the streams have steep banks, like canals, and contain heavy trout, from one to three pounds in weight, a landing net will be added; but in ordinary stream-fishing, in Scotland, Ireland, or Wales, where the banks of the rivers are sloping, and where the trout seldom exceed a pound in weight, and can be easily drawn ashore, or taken a few yards down the stream till a good landing-place is found, a landing-net is never seen (except in boat-fishing), and would be deemed absolutely ridiculous. So, in

trout-fishing, near the metropolis, and in many other parts of England, where the fish are scarce, one may go out without a basket, because the chances of catching fish are few, and the extent of water gone over is often limited, so that the fisherman is not likely to be much encumbered by the brace of trout or so that he may catch; but in those other parts of the kingdom, where the trouts, though small (perhaps four to a pound), are more numerous, and where one may often pass over some miles of water, a creel is all but indispensable; and one not capable of holding two stone of fish is held as paltry.

Casting-lines.—In England, the brothers of the craft, tutored by necessity, are much more nice in their tackle, and more neat and expert in the use of it, than those in Scotland. In the former country, it is very proper to fix the flies upon a couple of yards of very fine gut, which is called a fly-cast, and which is added to the casting-line. In Scotland, the flies are, for the most part, fixed upon the casting-line itself, without the addition of any more gut. If, from the state of the wind, there be difficulty in throwing the line, adopt the Scotch mode, and fix the flies on the casting-line, and you will throw much better. Let your casting-line be whipped at the joinings, but with *white* silk, and the objection, that the joinings are mistaken for insects, and cause the fish to rise, will be obviated. Fasten the flies to a gut-line by a tie, not a loop; let the tie which fastens the trail, or lowest fly, be a single one, thus:—put the gut end of the fly and the end of the gut-line along each other, for about two inches; bend the double part into a circle; put the fly and the end of the gut-line through the circle; *wet the circle well in your mouth*, and draw it tight; cut or bite off the ends: put on the drop-fly thus—place it along the gut-line, a yard from the trail-fly, with its gut end towards the trail-fly, and the fly towards the rod; bend the gut end of the fly round the gut-line; put it twice through its own circle, and draw it tight, wetting it first in the mouth; cut off the end. If you use more droppers, put them on in the same way, and about the same distance from each other, or rather less, say thirty inches from the others: let the highest one hang on longer gut than the others, *i. e.*, the highest may hang on gut five inches long; the next on three inches and a half; and the next on three; so as to meet the water gradually, as the line hangs from the rod.

Reel-line.—You will find a reel-line, made entirely of hair, is capable of being thrown with more precision than one composed of silk thread and hair combined; because the latter is more flaccid, and more liable to angle and kink, that is, to knot, than one of hair alone, which, being of a firmer nature, describes greater angles as it turns during the act of throwing; but either kind will do.

Reel.—Let your reel be quite simple in its construction, and beware of multipliers and stops. Not only are the multipliers always getting deranged, but they draw a fish too tight up, before you can be aware, and so tear the hook out of its mouth, while the stop is continually found to act, from accident, just at the very time it ought not, viz., when the fish makes a rush, which is the precise

moment that line ought to be let out, instead of being stopped from running. Let the reel be small but deep; and especially, let the axis (on which the line is wound) be of a large diameter, which, on evident principles, will give great additional despatch, when necessary in winding up the line. No matter how the reel is fastened; adopt the most fashionable method, of a groove and rings.

Rod.—Take the maker's advice as to the wood of your rod; but let it be light for trout-fishing. Mr. Hofland says, the rod, if for one hand, should be from twelve to fourteen feet long, and if for two hands, from sixteen to eighteen. Younger says from fourteen to sixteen feet. Now, to wield a two-handed rod during a whole day would fatigue most men, and destroy the pleasure of trout-fishing; and a fourteen feet rod, for one hand, would be little better. These sizes are, besides, incompatible with the proper *striking* of the fish; that quick, but, at the same time, delicate operation, which Younger so well describes as being rather a "*retentive hold*," than a start or a "*strike*." It is inconceivable, to one who has not witnessed it (from a bridge or a bank), with what force and rapidity a fish will disgorge an artificial fly, which it has seized, when it discovers the cheat. The late Sir Humphry Davy, an excellent fisher, was not fully aware of this. On visiting Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford, he happened to be accompanied on a day's salmon fishing by Mr. William Ovens, an old salmon-fisher, at Boleside, on the Tweed, opposite the poet's residence. Sir Humphry was, at the time, much interested in the remarkable fact, that food is seldom, if ever, found in the stomach of a salmon. They were fishing with minnow, and, on their killing a twelve-pounder, Sir Humphry lectured away to his experienced, but plain and practical-minded companion, on the wonderful powers of digestion of the fish, his favorite theory, by which he accounted for the fact, that no trace could be found in the stomach of the specimen before them of the minnow with which he had been just taken. Mr. Ovens, who possesses more practical knowledge of the piscatory art than, perhaps, any man existing, and is, withal, a bit of an original, did not contradict the philosopher, who, probably, maintained his theory to the last; but in repeating the circumstances afterwards, he used to add, "Poor body! I saw the minnow spin a couple of yards into the air, with the force with which it was spit out, and light upon the bank." Most persons must have been astonished, occasionally, in fishing with worm, to find the bait projected a couple of yards up the line, on a fish being taken. This rejection of a discovered bait is performed with the quickness of lightning; and, accordingly, most good fishermen place the art of catching numbers in quick *striking*, as it is called, so as to fix the hook. For this reason, the experienced fisher on the Tweed recommends a rod of twelve or twelve feet and a half long, and little heavier than a coach whip. The Irish trout rods are of this description. As to a general rod, intended fit for everything, it is just a rod fit for nothing, *i. e.*, for doing nothing *well*; and can never satisfy one who has any taste for the art he practises. Mr. Ronalds' observations are judicious on this head; "the strong man,"

says he, "may venture upon a rod about fourteen or fifteen feet long; but to the person who is shorter or less robust, one so short even as twelve or twelve feet and a half, and light in proportion, is recommended, as the command will be sooner obtained, and with much less fatigue to the arm." We have, however, given a reason, not depending upon the strength of the bearer, why a trout-rod should not exceed twelve feet and a half for all descriptions of persons; and, undoubtedly, such a size would be found the most agreeable. A sufficient length of line will be thrown, with a rod of that length, for most streams where trout lie, as they are seldom found in great numbers at the very mouth of the river; and for any occasional trial, in such cases, a larger rod may be substituted for the time. The length of the two-handed rod mentioned by Mr. Hofland, *viz.*, sixteen or eighteen feet, is quite unnecessary for the general purpose, and is, in Scotland, the most approved length of a salmon-rod for the largest rivers.

Do not get too supple a rod, such as an Irish trout-rod, else you will not be able to throw the line against the wind; nor yet let it be very stiff, as that is unpleasant to the hand, and fatiguing; but let the extreme point of the top be very soft and pliable, as recommended by Younger: for too firm and unyielding a point is apt to tear the hook out of the fish's mouth. GAFFER.

London Sporting Review for June, 1840.

IMPORTED CITIZEN AND HIS GET.

To illustrate a "new theory," your correspondent "A.," in vol. x. p. 215, makes the declaration that "*Citizen was a failure.*"

Of the "theory" I have now nothing to say. My object is merely to contrast authority with authority—the authority of "D." with the authority of "A.," so far as relates to the character of Old Citizen, as a Stallion. But I must here be permitted to observe, that I do not design any invidious comparison between your correspondents. I deem it fair to say I hold the style of writing of the one equal in every respect to that of the other, and am free to admit, that they are equally informed, equally intelligent, and equally disinterested. Is it not "passing strange," however, that, relying upon facts as they both no doubt do, and agreeing in so great a variety of opinions, your correspondents should differ only as to the "New Theory of Stallions," the character of the Imported Horse, and the Stallion services of old Citizen? But to the extracts of "D."

"CITIZEN, imported; himself a fine racer and *superior stallion* * * * * *in such estimation is he held at this day, that all breeders set a high value on a Citizen cross.*"—Vol. iii. p. 274.

"Those who cannot trace to some imported mare, will be estimated by the number of thorough crosses which they can establish as a part of their pedigree, and these crosses will derive value from the success of the stock in this country, thus we should gladly name Diomed, Shark, Medley, Citizen, Gabriel, and some

others, in the genealogy of a nag we recommended, at the same time we should deem it no commendation to say they were descended from Dragon, Phœnix, Buzzard, Eagle, &c., who, although as well bred, do not, and deserve not, to hold an equal reputation. These horses are selected to illustrate this idea, not because they are the only horses that have improved or injured our stock, but as recent importations, all must recollect them and the characters they have left."—Vol. iv. p. 65.

"From all that has been stated above, it would seem that Shark, Medley, Citizen and Diomed, have been the favorite blood in the South since the year '90; before that time, Fearnought, Flimnap, Partner, and Janus, were the favorites in Virginia and the two Carolinas; and in the selection of a brood mare, I would recommend one that united as many of the above crosses as it was possible to procure."—Vol. iv. p. 72.

"Citizen came over about this time, he was a horse of real game, and that has been the character of his stock; Pacolet, his son, Tonson and Charles, his grandsons, bid fair to perpetuate his fame."—Vol. iv. p. 72.

"Some of the most distinguished Stallions ever imported into this country, and to those, perhaps, we are most indebted for the high value of the racing stock, (at least in the South), were horses of moderate height, most of them below 15 hands. Medley was surely among the most valuable—he was under 15, yet his colts were successful at all distances, with even aged weight. *Citizen, too, a horse of similar character.*"—Vol. iv. p. 119.

"Fairplay, by Citizen, *won all his races*, generally at broken heats."—Vol. iv. p. 120.

"Diomed, Medley, and *Citizen*, were all of the purest Arabian and Barb blood, and each has a cross of both the Darley and Godolphin Arabian; these have been the most successful stallions ever brought to the United States, and all our breeders are anxious to trace their stock to one or all of these celebrated horses."—Vol. iv. p. 170.

"He (Pacolet) had an *established reputation* when bought of Mr. Johnson. * * * It is well known that Pacolet, *after standing some seasons*, and with an *injured leg*, was *at the head of the Turf* in Tennessee."—Vol. iv. pp. 517 and 518.

The above may be deemed sufficient; but if it be thought not unfair, I would throw in the opinion of "Barrymore."

"Since the days of Dare-Devil, the race horses of the South have * * * lost also that *game* and *durability* which characterized the *descendants* of Juniper and Jolly Roger, Medley and *Citizen*, and others."—Vol. v. p. 293.

Now, knowing nothing of Citizen, except what I gather from the books, and from observing the character of his stock, I call upon "D." to battle for the above opinions with his powerful opponent "A.," and I now summon him "to the rescue."

"Charge, Chester, charge! On! 'D.,' on!"

But to satisfy "A." more conclusively, that, in expressing the opinion that "Citizen was a failure," he must have labored, or is still laboring, under some momentary delusion, I would take the liberty to refer him to one of his own communications, in vol. ix. p. 62, where he says—"*In all instances*, when he (Sir Archy) had well-bred, short-legged, *Citizen* or Medley mares, he seldom failed to get racers that had *both speed and length* in them."

Again: In vol. ix. p. 102, "A." says, "of those (horses) brought to this country, we never had a *successful stallion*, unless he had been what your correspondent terms a plate horse, (I speak of former importations); *such was* Flimnap, Medley, Messenger, and *Citizen*."

Z. Z.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE PRACTICAL PARTS OF THE LIFE OF A JOCKEY.

RACING may now be fairly considered as one of the commercial speculations of England. When we consider the number of horses that are actually in training; colts and fillies still in their paddocks; together with mares, foals, and covering stallions; the thousands of persons entirely employed in and about the racing stables; the numerous tradesmen and innkeepers that are annually benefitted by them—it cannot fail of being an interesting subject, not exclusively of sportsmen, but to all who are amused and instructed in marking "how runs the world away."

If any one gifted with the talent, the time, and opportunity, would publish an account of the sums of money employed and expended in the business of the turf, it would be found to amount to many millions—the shoeing and plating alone would exceed some thousands. But when we contemplate the stakes that are put down for horses to contend for, the expenses of training, travelling, and riding them, we may comfort ourselves by the assurance that there is still plenty of money in the pockets of many of the inhabitants of this (as we are every day told) broken-down bankrupt country.

Amongst the various characters connected with the racing stables, and who literally earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, first and foremost stand the Jockies; and it is my present intention to give a sketch of the rise and progress of this class of persons, and to offer a few remarks on those points that are generally deemed necessary to be possessed by those who aspire to excellence in the profession. Nothing in this world stands still, and on no class of His Majesty's lieges has the hand of improvement been more busily employed than on this. The jockey of the last century, or perhaps it would be better to say of the Old School, was generally a compound of surliness, dirt, and dissipation; and if the present generation have in some instances stept a little beyond the line of demarkation that bounds their station in society, yet the "march" has been all in our favor; for in exchange for the disgusting qualities that belonged to the *ancien regime*, we receive neatness and civility; and a drunken jockey in these times is a *rara avis*.

"How hard it is to climb the steps of Fame!"

and countless are the difficulties that all young aspirants for the honors of the saddle have to contend with, who are not fortunate enough to have trainers for their fathers, or those ladies who have found favor in the eyes of the sporting great ones of the earth for their mammas. "Lord, Sir," a trainer will say to any gentleman making the inquiry, "I have nearly thirty boys in my stables; and, would you believe it? not one that I can put up with any satisfaction to ride a race, and some have been with me these five years,

and no one knows the trouble and pains I have taken with them." This is the case when these unfortunates happen to be apprenticed to him by parish authorities, or by those very poor parents who are glad to get rid of their children on any terms. But should Mr. Trainer chance to have an ill-made thick-headed urchin of his own, the case is wonderfully altered. It will stand more in this way—"*Nice lad that, Sir!* and though I says it myself, he'll one day make a rare horseman. I only hopes he won't get too big, and 'twill be his own fault if he is not made a man of: he has as much confidence as if he had ridden for twenty years, and *sich* a head!" And this would be the tale had he as many sons as old Ahab had in Samaria; they would all be able to unravel the grand mystery of riding a race.

It will sometimes happen that from good looks, neatness of form, and a few of those gifts that old dame Nature now and then bestows on her favorite children, a boy from the class I first mentioned will catch the eye of a master of race horses, and he is ordered up for a trial—the lad succeeds to the satisfaction of his patron, and he is next trusted to ride a race. If the first horse or two that he rides happen to be good ones, and win, his career as a jockey is commenced, his brethren of the comb and brush call him "Sir," and the trainer is proud indeed to declare, "I brought him out!" Now then he has got his foot upon the ladder, but every step for some years is full of danger. It may be his lot to be in a stable of valuable horses, some of which are favorites for grand events. He is in possession of secrets worth knowing; and when we are told the price that is paid for information, and the alluring promises that are held out, it is almost a miracle if a lad, who has hitherto received little instruction except in cunning and artifice, should resist the temptation.

But wo to him should he give up his trust, and should his seducer become his betrayer! Once convicted of disclosing the secrets of his stable, he loses his CASTE, returns to the rank of a lad from which he was taken, and in that capacity alone will he remain, should he live to be a hundred. If, on the contrary, he holds fast his integrity, the voyage to fortune is open to him, but is still surrounded with shoals and quicksands. To do as others do is a favorite maxim with young ones. Jockies in general are an extravagant, improvident set of mortals, and "*carpe diem*" might be taken as the motto of the corps.

Although many have very great chances presented to them, few retire with a competency, their fates forming a close parallel with that of the "high mettled racer." J—n, once the Star of the North, who rode some winners of the Great St. Leger, is now, I am told, the inmate of a workhouse:—

"Bow'd down by degrees, he bends on to his fate;"

and surely the patrons of the turf in that sporting part of the world cannot be aware of his done-up condition! Real sportsmen, if properly appealed to, would never refuse to assist a good old one broken down; and a little annual contribution, "the crumbs that

fall from the rich ones' tables," would quickly remove him from the stall in which he is now tied up and muzzled, to the comforts of a loose box; where, ruminating on the sharp turns and up-hill distances he has run over this life's course, and the smiles and frowns of Fortune, he might square his book for the great settling day, and rest "till the sands of his hour-glass stand still."

Few but those immediately connected with turf affairs have any idea of the sums of money earned by jockies in full practice. Not only are they paid for riding races, but for trials and travelling expenses; to say nothing of the annual salaries they receive from different masters, and the *tips* for being lucky enough to be put upon the best horse in a great race. Instances might be quoted of some, who but a very few years since were rubbing horses' heels and performing the earliest drudgery of the stable, whose annual incomes now exceed a thousand pounds—a remuneration fairly earned by the every-day venturing of life and limb—and conducting themselves in such a way as to give satisfaction and confidence to their employers and the public.

In entering upon the practical part of the life of a jockey, and in attempting to illustrate some of the necessary qualifications for the formation of one, it may be necessary to state, that riding a race is as distinct from any other class of horsemanship as dancing a hornpipe is from dancing a minuet. In all human actions where men are brought into competition, some will rise superior to their fellows. Nature, to decide her claim to the origin of all excellence, made Shakspeare; and that claim being universally allowed, she takes Art for her foreman, who polishes off the rough sketches and models she throws down; and from their combining efforts we look for perfection. When Nature moulds a jockey she gives him a clear head, and that conformation of body and limb that constitutes a good seat; for vain would be the efforts of art if these gifts were denied. That these qualities are in the possession of those who are esteemed the best riders of the day, and for the confirmation of the argument, look at Buckle, Chifney, and Robinson! Buckle, when in the prime of life, ought to have been handed down to posterity by the sculptor's hand, a study for the lovers of anatomy and painting; and when his last race shall be run, it is to be hoped some able biographer may give the history of his honorable career and achievements, as a pattern to future scions of the trade, not only of excellence in his performances, but affording proof that a jockey may preserve a reputation of the most spotless and unsullied character through the trials and temptations of more than half a century. In some few particular points, as a jockey, there have been and still are men his equals; but, "take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again."

Strength and temper are the next weapons that a jockey ought to be armed with—the first quality, for reasons too obvious to enumerate; and the latter, because no man possessing much nervous irritability can see so clearly what is passing in the midst of difficulty and danger, as one whose temperament flows through more regular channels. The man who cannot bear defeat has no

business in the racing saddle; for as often as he becomes savage with his horse or his antagonist, he is sure to lose a point in the game. A cool determination is the thing most wanted.

The last point to which I shall refer as necessary to form a good jockey, is derived from art alone; it is the most difficult perfection to attain, and can only be the result of great practice and nice observation—it is to become *a judge of pace*. If there is any mystery in riding a race, it is this; and it is from a thorough knowledge of this part of the art that those jockies whose names I have mentioned have earned their superiority over most of their brethren. Different horses, from their different action, may feel to the rider to be going fast or slow, when perhaps the reverse may be the case. The eyes of standers-by are often deceived; for I dare say many of my readers will allow, that in riding across a country they have now and then seen a nag steering away in an apparent canter that their best pace could never keep up to. If they have not been occasionally so situated, all I can add is, that they are more fortunate than I have been.

But supposing a man possessed of all the perfections I have enumerated (as necessary to the formation of the character before us), still he is not gifted with those wonderful powers that the crowd give him credit for. Humbug sways half the world, and in no instance is it in fuller force than with regard to the performances of favorite jockies. To listen to the gabble on a race-course, one would be almost led to suppose that the men were the racers, and that the horses had nothing to do with it. "How splendidly that man rode!" (meaning the winner, of course), I heard a poodle-headed dandy exclaim on Warwick race-course, "*I'll swear he never touched the saddle* for the last twenty yards!"

Now I am about to make what I know very many will call a bold assertion; but, backed by the opportunities of witnessing some hundreds of races every year, and seeing with eyes perfectly clear from the mist that *betting* now and then engenders, I shall venture to state it as my opinion, that taking the whole list of races run throughout the kingdom, there is not more than one in thirty won by what is termed fine riding. And this is enough to establish a superiority; for in a life as long as Buckle's, the man who would win, by his own skill alone, one race out of every thirty he rides, would gain for his employers and backers half enough to pay off the national debt.

But much more than this is awarded to and expected from a great name; and many a man has paid dearly for witnessing a race where one of the crack jockies has exhibited. Men do not like their horses to be beaten, nor to lose their money by backing the horse that comes in second; and I never yet knew a horse to lose a race by a head that *ought not* to have been the winner in the opinion of the multitude. Almost every one on a race-course feels entitled to give an opinion respecting the riding, though the horse be scarcely mentioned; and out of these thousands of voluntary contributions of cunning, how many are there who really know anything of the matter?—Not one in five hundred. Yet we all

know the force of public opinion, and the unfortunate jockey too often abides the force of it.

"No one" (I once heard an excellent and experienced sportsman declare) "can be a perfect judge of riding a race, who has not at some period of his life, ridden either exercise trials or races;" and I fully agree with him. The man who only knows how any piece of machinery should be made cannot be equal to him who not only knows how, but can make it into the bargain.

We all know in what high estimation every stable-boy who breathes the air of Newmarket Heath holds all that is connected with that celebrated town, and how cheap in his estimation are his brethren in the North, and all their doings. "As to riding," say they, "our cracks can give any of them 7lb." But how is it then that these Newmarket wonders do not oftener pluck the laurels from the brows of their less cultivated competitors, when they leave their *cottage ornée* in Cambridgeshire for the Yorkshire wolds? They win in their turns, and no more ought to be expected from them. It is upon Newmarket Heath that they are formidable to all comers; and here, certainly, no stranger has an equal chance with them. In riding straight races in the middle of a wide extended plain, without posts to steer by, distance is very deceptive, and the Newmarket man, from constantly riding over it, has certain tracks and private marks to go by, which enables him to take an advantage of perhaps three or four lengths in a mile over an antagonist whose only knowledge of the course is that he must start at this point and finish at that. When they condescend to ride over country courses, they come down to the level of their rustic competitors. Such men as old Dick Spencer (now retired on the savings of his industry), Sam Darling, Tom Whitehouse and others, have always been found to be quite a match for them.

I would not have my readers suppose that I do not think there are some advantages to be claimed from employing an experienced jockey; I only wish to impress upon the minds of those who may be beginners on the turf, not to expect that a man can either lift a horse from off the ground between his legs, or make him fly when he is tired of galloping. A man may not be able on some occasions to draw a horse out to the highest pitch of his speed, or he may have it in his power to prevent his attaining it; but all the jockies in England together could never extend him one inch beyond it; and, according to my previous calculation, they will find, that when two horses run together, *honestly* ridden by professional jockies, unless Nature has tied them together almost as closely as she did the Siamese twins, twenty-nine times out of thirty the best wins. In these near touches an artful dodge may decide the business.

The greatest disadvantage in riding is when boys have to contend with men. Here, in the first place, their physical powers are not equal; and the boys, on account of the weights, have generally the most difficult animals to ride, young runaway half-broke horses, very awkward to turn; while many old racers, if let loose with others, would run their course, and keep the right side of the posts

into the bargain. Again, boys generally stand much in awe of celebrated jockies, knowing how far a good or bad word from one of them may operate on their future welfare; and, whilst running (if halloo'd to sharply), will give up places which they might maintain but from fear of offending one of the gentlemen big ones. In spite of all, they often pull through, but not, as the saying is, quite in their turns.

There are other points in the practical part of racing that it is my intention to allude to in a future letter; but thinking that I have sufficiently trespassed on the pages of one number of the Magazine, and on the patience of your readers, I for the present say farewell! RINGWOOD.

[London (Old) Sporting Magazine.]

EPSOM RACES.

The Derby and the Oaks of 1840.

IT never has been my lot to record a more brilliant Meeting than the one I am about to describe. The Epsom Derby, as every one knows, is the grand race of the year; speculation on it is always very great, but this year, from various causes, more horses were backed to large amounts than I ever before remember. Before, however, I enter into the spirit of the racing, I must say a word or two about the illustrious visitors on the "Derby Day." It had been whispered about for some time previous to the eventful day, "big with the fate of thousands," that our young and lovely Queen, with her Illustrious Consort, would honor the Course with their presence, and although doubts existed in the minds of some, still the preparations in the Grand Stand went in a great measure to confirm the report, which, it will be seen, turned out to be "quite correct." As soon as it was a "certainty," the demand for post-horses greatly exceeded the supply; indeed *eight*, and in some instances *ten guineas*, were modestly asked for the loan of a pair of posters for that day. Such being the state of affairs, hundreds determined upon "railing" it, and the stations at Vauxhall and London Bridge were literally besieged; the trains at either station leaving every quarter of an hour, commencing at half-past seven in the morning, and running till one in the afternoon; and returning trains during the whole evening at every quarter of an hour.

A couple or three lines will suffice for the reports of the races run on the first day:—The Craven Stakes for all ages was won by Pestonjee Bomanjee, 5 yrs., beating Ruler, 3 yrs.; The Burning Beauty, 3 yrs.; La Bellezza, 4 yrs.; Impertinence, 5 yrs.; and colt by Clearwell, out of Nina, 3 yrs. Conelly rode the winner, and won by half a length.

The Woodcote Stakes, for two-year-olds, was won by Palæmon, beating colt by Sheet Anchor, out of Lady Fulford; colt by Re-

covery, out of Minna; and filly by Velocipede, out of Arbis. Flatman rode Palæmon, and just won by a neck—all the lot very bad.

The Shirley Stakes, sometimes a key to the Derby, was carried off by Jeffy, beating Fitzroy, Menalippe, and Bussorah. Stephenson rode Jeffy exceedingly well, and won by scarcely a neck.

The Epsom Stakes, the last race of the day, was won in two heats easily by Barabbas, 4 yrs., beating Alsdorf and five other racing impostors. Sam Mann rode the winner, which was claimed according to the articles for 200 sovs. for the Hon. G. Byng.

The Derby Day.

Wednesday, June 3.—The events of this day will for ever be recorded in the annals of racing. The first appearance of a Sovereign and a Court at the "Derby Day" will be written down to the year 1840. The assemblage in the town of Epsom in the morning was decidedly more numerous than I ever before saw, and the Betting-ring produced old faces lost sight of since last year. Amongst the most influential there was Mr. Gully *quietly* inquiring after Launcelot; Mr. Crockford *eagerly* laying it out against Forth's lot; Mr. Bland offering to bet *agin* Theon; and the bustling Harry Hill firing away against *anything*. The scene about 12 o'clock was that of a moving panorama: carriages of all "sorts and sizes," with equestrians of all degrees on animals of the most various *caste*, together with pedestrians without number, formed a most interesting picture. At this period the odds stood in the Ring as follows:—2 to 1 agst. Launcelot (taken), 3 to 1 agst. Assassin (taken freely), 4 to 1 agst. Melody colt, 18 to 1 agst. Pathfinder, 20 to 1 agst. Bokhara, 20 to 1 agst. Scutari, 30 to 1 agst. Solace colt, and 1000 to 15 agst. Little Wonder; no others mentioned.

To the Course.—About two o'clock the shouts of thousands of voices announced the arrival of our young and lovely Queen, accompanied by His Royal Highness Prince Albert and Prince Leiningen, and attended, in other carriages, by Lord Albemarle, Lord Erroll, Lord Headfort, and Colonel Buckley. Her Majesty looked exceedingly well, and frequently acknowledged, by gracefully bowing, the hearty enthusiasm with which she was received by the countless multitude. Prince Albert, shortly after his arrival, was seen galloping over to the starting post, and there he entered into the "spirit of the thing" in a manner that pretty plainly shows that the report of His Royal Highness being an admirer of the Grand National Sport is well founded. It was said, after the race, that the Prince had expressed a very favorable opinion of the "Little Wonder" of the day. After looking at all the horses, and making his remarks *en passant*, His Royal Highness cantered back to join his Illustrious Consort in the Grand Stand, where every preparation was made for the Royal Visitors' comforts.

To return to the starting-post.—Launcelot was the Lion of the Derby favorites, and he is certainly as fine an animal as ever looked through a bridle; his condition was good, and his coat was a "reflector" to those who stood "*agin* him," as Mr. Bland facetiously observed. One very good judge gave his unequivocal opinion that

he was *too fat*, and added that he could be made *seven pounds better* for the Leger: should such be the fact, he must be *a very dangerous customer to beat for the St. Leger at Doncaster*. Assassin and the Melody colt looked blooming and well; so did Pathfinder, Bokhara, and Theon—the latter horse, however, could not gallop a yard! Little Wonder and the Solace colt were "hardly looked at." The Little Wonder was thought *too small* to win the Derby; the same was thought in different years of Frederic, Spaniel, and several others. One Sporting Gent, after Little Wonder had galloped, rode back to what remained of the Ring, and took £1000 to £20 and £500 to £10 about him—he must be either a *good* or a *lucky judge!* Muley Ishmael is a magnificent horse, but I was told he was not up to the mark, and his running proved my information to be good, for he must have been in the front if his condition had been first-rate. Of the others little need be said: Confederate, Scutari, and the grey Angelica colt were "wrong," and Amurath's and Sophocles' temper made them "safe enough." The following seventeen started for

The DERBY STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. old colts, 8st. 7lb., and fillies, 8st. 2lb. Last mile and a half. The second to receive 100 sovs. out of the Stakes, and the winner to pay 100 sovs. towards the expenses of additional police officers, &c. One Hundred and Forty-four Subs.

Mr. Robertson's b. c. *Little Wonder*, by Muley, out of Lacerta	McDonald	1
Lord Westminster's br. c. *Launcelot*, by Camel, out of Banter	Scott	2
Mr. Etwall's b. c. *Songster*, by Mulatto, out of Melody	John Day, Jr.	3

The following were not placed:—

Lord Albemarle's b. c. Assassin, by Taurus, out of Sneaker	E. Edwards	0
Duke of Cleveland's b. c. Theon, by Emilius, out of Maria	Lye	0
Lord Kelburne's ch. c. Pathfinder, by Retainer, out of Emilia by Abjer	Nelson	0
Mr. Houldsworth's b. or br. c. Confederate, by Velocipede—Miss Maltby	Rogers	0
Sir G. Heathcote's b. c. Sophocles, by Laurel, out of Bertha	Buckle	0
Lord Exeter's c. Scutari, by Sultan, out of Velvet	Darling	0
Capt. Gardnor's ch. c. Monops, by Actæon, out of Wings	Wakefield	0
Sir Gilbert Heathcote's b. c. Bokhara, by Samarcand, out of Zenobia	Chapple	0
Col. Wyndham's b. c. by Nonsense, out of Gift	Templeman	0
Lord Jersey's c. Muley Ishmael, by Ishmael, out of Filagree	Robinson	0
Lord Exeter's c. Amurath, by Sultan out of Marinella	Nat	0
Duke of Cleveland's ch. c. by Emilius, out of Farce	J. Day	0
Mr. Forth's c. by Muley, out of Solace	Owner	0
Lord Orford's c. by Clearwell, out of Angelica	Conolly	0

The betting respecting Theon fluctuated very mysteriously; at one period of the day 25 to 1 in ponies and fifties were offered; then 20 to 1 was snapt up so eagerly that the horse sprang point by point until he reached 6 to 1 (taken)! The following scale of the odds up to the start will be found to be tolerably correct:—9 to 4 agst. Launcelot, 7 to 2 agst. Assassin, 4 to 1 agst. Melody colt, 6 to 1 agst. Theon (taken), 20 to 1 agst. Pathfinder (taken), 20 to 1 agst. Scutari, 20 to 1 agst. Bokhara (taken), 30 to 1 agst. the Solace colt (taken), 30 to 1 agst. Confederate, 40 to 1 agst. the Gift colt, 40 to 1 agst. the Angelica colt, 45 to 1 agst. Little Wonder (taken), 50 to 1 agst. Muley Ishmael, 100 to 1 agst. Amurath (taken).

The start, after one false one and two or three failures, was very well managed; the grey, Launcelot, Assassin, Melody colt and Confederate, being in the best situation as regards the front rank. The pace for the first half mile was exceedingly good, the grey's orders being to "take the lead and keep it!" Before the lot *made* "the corner," some important changes had occurred; the Melody

colt went to the fore, and forced the speed to that degree that the "hopes and fears" of the following seven were completely set at rest—Sophocles, the Gift colt, Angelica colt, Scutari, Bokhara, Solace colt, and Theon. After getting well round the turn, Melody rattled along at a tremendous pace, having Launcelot and Assassin close upon him, with Little Wonder and Confederate (the latter in distress) tolerably well up, *and all the others completely beaten off*. Just about the distance, Launcelot got the lead from the Melody colt, and almost immediately Macdonald brought out Little Wonder, and was in an instant half a length in advance of the Northern crack. At the Grand Stand the race was safe, Little Wonder leaving the favorite easily, and winning by a good length: thus making four successive Derbys carried off by clear outsiders—viz. Phosphorus at 50 to 1, Amato at 30 to 1, Bloomsbury at 50 to 1, and Little Wonder at 45 to 1!!!!

It may not be out of place to give the full pedigree of the winner. Little Wonder was foaled in 1837 at Underley Park, in Westmorland, got by Muley, out of Lacerta (Marvel's dam) by Zodiac; her dam Jerboa by Gohanna, out of Camilla by Trentham; her dam Coquette by the Compton Barb, out of Sister to Regulus. He was sold to his present owner, at Mr. Nowell's Annual Sale of Yearlings at Doncaster in 1838, for 65 guineas. Little Wonder, Mr. Forth informed me, is under fifteen hands in height, and is a remarkably sound horse. Too much praise cannot be given to Macdonald for the very quiet and able manner in which he landed his horse; and perhaps one of the highest compliments paid him was the present of a very handsome whip given by His Royal Highness Prince Albert as a mark of His Highness's approbation of his riding.

There were three other races of no importance to any but the winner:—Mr. Faulconer's March the First won the Ashtead Stakes; Captain Gardnor's filly by The Colonel, out of Mary Ann, ran away with the Walton Stakes; and Captain Gardnor's Pulcherima was the winner of the Burgh Stakes.—The Fields in the last three races were numerically good, but singularly inferior in quality.

Her Majesty and Prince Albert left after the second race, and were loudly cheered as they passed by thousands of loyal subjects. The road to London on the evening of this day was, like other years, actually "choked up;" one party in a Phæton assured me he was above an hour going a hundred yards near Tooting. The only accident of anything like a serious nature was the chaise of Mr. F. Mathews, of Covent Garden Theatre, overturning, by which he was injured, but not to the extent at first conjectured.

Thursday's racing is scarcely worth alluding to. The company was "dreadfully slack," and the Stakes, owing to so many of the horses being amiss, were left almost to be cantered over for.

The Sutton Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 40 added, for all ages, one mile, was cleverly won by Mr. G. Byng's Barabbas, beating Caution, Zephyr, and Launchaway. Flatman rode the winner, which proves not to be a dear bargain at 200 sovs., his claimed

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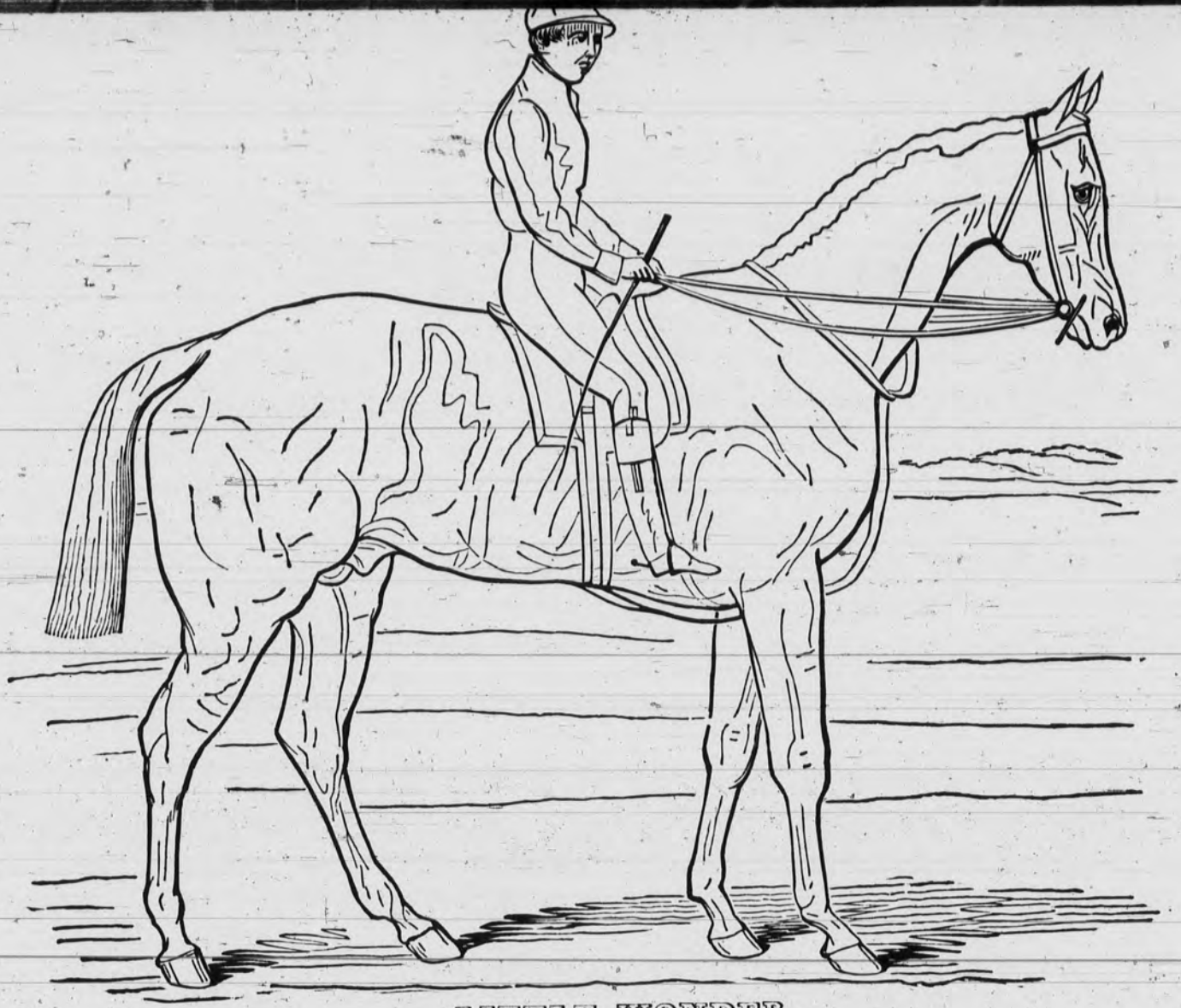

LITTLE WONDER.

price on Tuesday.—The Cup Stakes, TWO SUBSCRIBERS, was walked over for by Mr. Dockeray's Lyster;—the Croydon Stakes went into Mr. Forth's pocket with the aid of Wilderness;—the Ewell Stakes Mr. Thornhill's Menalippe won, beating Camellino, who could not run a yard from some cause or another;—and the last race of this dull day was the Durdans Stakes, in heats, which was won by Mr. Faulconer's March the First, in two heats, beating two others.

Speculation throughout the afternoon was entirely confined to the Oaks, and three only were mentioned. Crucifix was heavily backed at 5 to 2 and 3 to 1 *against* the Field; Black Bess, although known to be amiss, had parties foolish enough to take *eights* and *tens* to *one* about her; and Pocahontas, the stable companion of Little Wonder, had some admirers at 12 to 1.

Friday.—Having a rest day between the two great races has proved greatly to the advantage of the holiday people; they now make a point of being present on both days. The weather, like that of Wednesday, was beautiful until after the racing, when a tolerably heavy "downfall" sent many home with wet jackets. The road down, although of course not to be compared with the "Derby Day," was pretty well filled with carriages of all sorts. The speculation on the Oaks was all on one side; few were hardy enough to back the Field, *even at the extravagant odds of three to one!* It was really laughable to see an unfortunate wight who stood heavily against Crucifix riding about with, as Mr. G. said, "a face as long as my arm," soliciting to bet the odds upon her. "My dear fellow," said he to one, "I know you have got on well; do let me hedge a little." To this appeal he received for answer, "'tis true I have 'got well on,' and *I mean to keep so.*" Betting about the other fillies was out of the question. Crucifix, and nothing but Crucifix, was safe to win, and her looks shewed that John Day had worked her up to a first-rate pitch of excellence. Her tail, like that of O'Connell's, was very long, but in the race her "tail" was much longer; she is every inch a race-horse. Teleta looked exceedingly well, as did also Welfare, Lalla Rookh, and Pocahontas; the latter is a very fine animal. Black Bess ought to have remained at Mickleham; and the good General's mare, Diploma, would have saved expense had she not left Newmarket: of the others, nothing need be said. To show that Welfare was thought something of, that shrewd betting man, Harry Hill, exclaimed, just before the breaking up of the Ring, "Gentlemen, have a care about Welfare!"

At two o'clock the following were galloping preparatory to the start for *The Oaks Stakes* of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 4lb.; last mile and a half; the owner of the second horse to receive 100 sovs. out of the stakes; 103 subs.

The OAKS STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; 3 yr. old fillies 8st. 4lb.; last mile and a half: the owner of the second horse to receive 100 sovs. out of the stakes, and the winner to pay 100 sovs. towards the expenses of additional police; 103 subs.

Lord G. Bentinck's b. f. *Crucifix*, by Priam, out of Octaviana	J. Day	1
Mr. Payne's br. f. Welfare, by Priam, out of Vat	Nat	2
Mr. Wigram's ch. f. Teleta, by Plenipotentiary, out of Shereen's dam	Conolly	3

The following were not placed:—

Duke of Grafton's b. f. Currency, by St. Patrick, out of Oxygen	Stephenson	0
Lord G. Bentinck's b. f. by Glencoe, out of Victoria	W. Day	0
Col. Anson's Black Bess, by Camel, out of Cloudesley's dam	Scott	0
Mr. Batson's br. f. Plenary, own sister to Plenipotentiary	Robinson	0
Lord Albemarle's ch. f. Iris, by Cain, out of Elizabeth by Rainbow	Cotton	0
Mr. Fowler's b. f. Lalla Rookh, by Defence, out of Leila by Waterloo	C. Templeman	0
Sir G. Heathcote's b.f. by Emilius, out of Nannette	Chapple	0
Mr. Greatrex's b. f Pocahontas, by Glencoe, out of Marpessa	Crouch	0
Mr. Bell's b. f. La Femme Sage, by Gainsborough—Goldendrop's dam	Heseltine	0
Lord Chesterfield's The Ant, sister to Industry, by Priam	C. Edwards	0
Gen. Grosvenor's f. Diploma, by Plenipotentiary, out of Icaria	Macdonald	0
Col. Wyndham's ch. f. by Nonsense, out of Elfrid	Wakefield	0

The betting up to the breaking up of the Ring was as given below, but I was informed, owing to the immense number of false starts, that several alterations took place, the principal ones being 2 to 1 frequently taken on the Field; 3 to 1 on Crucifix, 10 to 1 agst. Black Bess, 11 to 1 agst. Pocahontas (taken), 14 to 1 agst. Lalla Rookh, 25 to 1 agst. Welfare, 40 to 1 agst. Currency, and 50 to 1 agst. Teleta (taken).

After at least an hour of the appointed time, the whole of which was taken up in dodgings and false starts, the lot got off in a very so-so manner, Lalla Rookh, Welfare, Teleta, and Pocahontas being well laid up in the front rank; Crucifix and Black Bess got off badly, the former losing at least forty yards from Lalla Rookh. Before they reached the Craven Starting Post, the favorite had worked up to the front rank, and increased the pace two-fold: the tailing commenced from this point, and both of Scott's fillies were here "done brown." At the top of the hill, Welfare made an effort to take the lead, and at once shewed her superiority over Lalla Rookh; Teleta and Mr. Greatrex's filly were next, and these were all that stood even the shadow of a chance of winning. A little beyond the distance, Welfare and Teleta made a desperate rush to reach the *crack*, and at one moment, whatever may be said to the contrary, *it was a race*. Crucifix's length of stride here told with great effect, and she ran by the Judge half a length before Welfare, who defeated Teleta by a head: Lalla Rookh was a length behind Teleta, and Mr. Greatrex's well up. The others came in in the order placed above, but at long intervals—thus proving the pace to have been good.

The other racing was wretched in the extreme, and as it had nothing to do with "coming events," and consequently could not "cast its shadow before," I shall not trouble my readers with a long account. It will suffice to say, that a paltry 2 Sovs. Handicap, with 50 sovs. added, was won by Pestonjee Bomanjee, 5 yrs. 9st. 4lb., beating four others; Connelly rode the winner:—the Members' Fifty Pound Plate was won by Alsdorf (Chapple) beating, in two heats, five miserable creatures; the winner was claimed for 200 sovs.:—Mr. Theobald paid in the Match to Lord George Bentinck, h. ft.:—and the "closing scene" of this truly Grand Meeting was the Derby and Oaks Stakes of 50 sovs., heats, one mile and a quarter—won in three heats by Hahneman, 5 yrs., beating Shuffler and Munchausen easily.

The prospect for next year is excellent, there being *one hundred and fifty-six* subscribers to the Derby, and *one hundred and twenty* for the Oaks.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for July, 1840.]

Notes of the Month.

AUGUST.

ROANOKE COLT SHOW.—The second annual exhibition of thorough-bred colts and fillies was held at Boydton, Va., on the 18th June. The show was attended by gentlemen from different sections of the State, and also from North Carolina, all of whom were delighted with the fine appearance of the colts. After the exhibition was over, at 2 o'clock, the company partook of an excellent dinner given by the Association, drank a few dozen of champagne, and retired very much pleased.

The following gentlemen were elected judges to award the premiums:—Col. R. R. MEADE, of Dinwiddie; Capt. JOHN MARSHALL, of Charlotte; and H. SKIPWITH, Esq., of Mecklenburg, whose decision gave universal satisfaction.

1. The Premium for the best 2 yr. old (Silver Plate) was awarded to WM. TOWNES' b. c. by Imp. Sarpedon out of Tattersall's dam.

2. The Premium for the second best 2 yr. old (Silver Candlesticks) was awarded to Gen. M. T. HAWKINS' b. c. by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Sir Archy.

3. The Premium for the best yearling colt (Gold Cup) was awarded to Gen. M. T. HAWKINS' b. f. by Imp. Rowton out of the dam of Black Heath.

4. The Premium for the second best yearling colt (Silver Ladle and Spoon) was awarded to JAMES WILLIAMSON's ch. f. by Imp. Priam, dam by Sir Charles.

5. The Premium for the best sucking colt (Silver Plate) was awarded to Wm. TOWNES' b. c. by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Virginian.

6. The Premium for the second best sucking colt (Silver Plate) was awarded to C. HUDSON's b. f. by John Tyler, dam by Contest.

The following gentlemen were unanimously elected officers for the next year, viz.:—WM. TOWNES, Esq., President; E. R. CHAMBERS, Esq., Vice President; C. P. GREEN, Esq., Secretary and Treasurer; ALFRED BOYD and J. H. GHOLSON, Esqrs., Stewards.

The next meeting of the Association will take place on the third Thursday in June, 1841. The subscription list to the separate stakes is now open, and in the hands of the Secretary, entrance $10. All papers friendly to the breeding of fine horses, will please give the above an insertion.

By order of the Association, C. P. GREEN, Sec'y.

Messrs HEAD & SMITH, of Tennessee, have sold their 3 year old b. f. by Arab, dam by Pacolet, to ALLEN H. BUSH of Marianna, Florida, for $500. Also their 3 year old ch. f. by imported Leviathan, dam by Florizel, to P. A. STOCKTON, of Marianna, Florida, for $400, since sold to Dr. SAMUEL C. BELLAMY for $500 and stinted to Col. J. J. PITTMAN's b. h. American Citizen.

JOHN RINGGOLD's br. m. *Little Poole*, by Imp. Luzborough, has dropped a fine colt foal, (a brown with a star,) by imported Shakspeare, for which he bespeaks the name of *Sheridan*. C. F. M. NOLAND & T. T. TUNSTALL's b. m. *Charline* by Pacific, has dropped a filly foal by Tom Fletcher; it is a bay, and a very fine fual; it has already been christened *Freshet*.

Mr. F. P. GEROW, late of Georgia, has removed to Tallahassee, Fl., where he is training a stable of six or seven good ones, the property of Gen. THOMAS BROWN, and two which he purchased here last season, one being *Fifer*, a brother to Hornblower, and the other, *Clarissa*, a sister to Clarion.

NAMES CLAIMED.—WM. H. TAYLOE, Esq., of Mount Airy, Va., that of *Tetuskey*, for a ch. f. by Capt. Thomas Hoskins, out of Aurora by Arab.

Capt. JOHN EUBANK, of Lunenburg Co., Va., that of *Hildebrand*, for his b. c.

foaled 15th May, 1840, by Imp. Priam, out of Sally Eubank by Roanoke, grandam by Constitution.

Henry Smith, Esq., of Mount Pleasant, Tenn., that of *John Marshall* for his b. c., 4 yrs. old, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Lady Bass by Conqueror.

L. P. Cheatham, Esq., of near Nashville, Tenn., claims the following names for his stock:—

That of *Rubicon* for his b. c. by Imp. Skylark, out of Geranium by Pacolet foaled in March. That of *Mudlark* for his ch. c. by Imp. Skylark, out of Betsey Baker by Hephestion, foaled 18th March. That of *Picayune* for his ch. c. by Belshazzar, out of Tipton by Imp. Luzborough, foaled in March. That of *Gus. Tompkins* for his br. c. by Picton, dam by Imp. Leviathan, foaled in April. That of *Bellissima* for his ch. f. by Belshazzar, out of Martha Washington by Sir Charles, foaled in March. That of *Pigeon-wing* for his ch. f. by Imp. Skylark, out of Alice Riggs by Imp. Leviathan, foaled in March. That of *Fame* for his b. f. by Imp. Margrave, out of Fanny Townes by Eclipse, foaled in April. That of *Raven* for his bl. f. by Picton, out of Brunette by Cock of the Rock, foaled in April. That of *Butterfly* for his ch. f. by Imp. Skylark, out of Katy Ann by Ogle's Oscar, foaled in April. That of *Wings* for his b. f. by Imp. Skylark, out of Panama by Crusader, foaled in May. That of *Queen of the West* for his ch. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Isabella by Sir Archy, foaled in May. That of *Italia* for his b. f. by Imp. Skylark, out of Maria Louisa by Bagdad, foaled in May. That of *Jenny Baker* for his b. f. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Betsey Baker by Hephestion, foaled in 1838. That of *Sarah Hicks* for his gr. f. by Andrew, out of Nancy Townes by Shylock, foaled in 1838.

Henry Dickenson, Esq., of Mansfield Park, near Nashville, Tenn., that of *Priscilla Marten* for his ch. f. 2 yrs. old, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab. Also that of *Leslie Combs* for his b. c. foaled this Spring, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab.

Jesse Cage, Esq., of Gallatin, Tenn., claims the name of *Goldsmith* for a ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs. old. Also that of *Miss Bowie* for a ch. f., own sister to Goldsmith, 3 yrs.

Alex. Erskine, Esq., of Salt Sulphur Springs, Va., that of *Gryphon* for a b. c. foaled in April, by Sumerville, dam by Clinton, grandam by Talleyrand. Also that of *Wild Rose* for a b. f. foaled the same month, by the same horse, dam by Rockingham, grandam by Snowstorm.

Mr. Isaac H. Oliver of Wheeling, Va., that of *Fanny Elssler* for his b. f. by Mons. Tonson out of Jane Marable by Washington.

Mr. John S. Lorton, of Pendleton, S. C., that of *Piomingo* for his br. c. by Imp. Tranby, out of Lancella by Lance, foaled on the 29th of May last. Lancella has been sent to Redgauntlet.

Mr. Wm. M. Snail, of Harrodsburg, Ky., that of *Ostrich* for a ch. c., 2 yrs. old, by Collier, dam by Shakspeare, grandam Aratus. Also that of *Hollyhock* for a 2 yr. old b. f. by Josephus, dam by Cook's Whip, grandam Melzer. Also that of *Lady Harrison* for a yearling ch. f. by Frank, dam by Trumpator, grandam by Hamiltonian, the dam of Adam, Huntsman, and Guy of Warwick.

Col. J. J Pittman, of Marianna, Flo., that of *Jesse A. Bynum* for his ch. c., 2 yrs. old, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Marion. Also that of *Dr. Wilcox* for his ch. c., 1 yr. old, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Marion.

J. B. Richardson, Esq., that of *Queen* for his gr. m. by Cooper's Messenger, (a thorough-bred son of Imp. Messenger), out of Flora by Grand Seignor. Also *Zuela* for his ro. f. by Zilcadi, out of Queen, 4 yrs. Also *Zuma* for his ro. f. by Zilcadi, out of Queen, 2 yrs. Also *Nymph* for his gr. f. by Imp. Merman, out of Queen, sucking. Also *Mademoiselle* for his ch. f. by Bertrand, dam by Imp. Eagle, 4 yrs. Also *The Sleeper* for his gr. c. by Imp. Sarpedon, out of Flora, by Grand Seignor, 4 yrs.

Mr. James Williamson, of Virginia, that of *Taglioni* for a ch. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Nancy Dawson by Sir Charles, foaled March 22d, 1839. This filly took the second premium at the late Roanoke Colt Show, and is said to be in high form. Also that of *Mary Rawlins* for a filly by Benbow, out of the same mare.

Obe Oilstone that of *Martin's Judy* for a br. f. by Young Mercury, out of Madame Berlin.

Mr. Jas. H. Jenkins, of Sparta, Tenn., claims the following names:—

That of *Brownlow* for a br. c., 1 yr. old, by Imp. Merman, out of Polly Clai-

bourne, by Imp. Leviathan, her dam Lady Randolph, by Sir Archy (full sister to Carolinian). That of *Glenayre* for a ch. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Polly Claibourne, dropped 14th May last. That of *Sally Franklin* for a ch. f., 1 yr. old, by Ben Franklin, out of Maria Cathey by Bryan O'Lynn. That of *Sarah Greenough* for a br. f. by Ben Franklin, out of Maria Cathey, dropped 7th April last. That of *Molly Pitcher* for a dark ch. f. by Hugh L. White, out of Gaslight by Moloch, dropped 8th April last.

Capt. GEO. SUTTON, of this city, that of *Princess* for his yearling ch. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Sally Hope. Also that of *Prima Donna* for a 2 yr. old b. f. by the same horse, out of Lady Rowland. The latter was purchased by Capt. S. at the recent sale of the stock of Mr. ROGERS.

RICHARD C. RICHARDSON, Esq., of South Carolina, that of *Topsy Turvy* for a yearling b. c. by Bertrand Jr., out of La Pucelle, by Sir Archy. Also that of *Charlie Stuart* for a sucking b. c. by Trident, out of the same mare. Also that of *Annetta Simons* for a sucking ch. f. by Mucklejohn, out of Little Venus, by Sir William of Transport. Mr. JAMES LANKFORD, of Alabama, that of *Valentine Sevier* for a 3 yr. old ch. c. by Pulaski. Also that of *Louisa Bullitt* for a yearling filly by Imp. Philip. Also that of *Alligator* for a colt dropped this Spring, by Imp. Leviathan;—all out of his mare Multiflora, by Conqueror, out of Grey Goose (the dam of John Bascombe).

H. G. S. KEY, Esq., of Leonardtown, Md., that of *Ellen Hooe* for a ch. f. by Margrave, out of the dam of Reliance. Also that of *Prestley* for a ch. c. by Hampton, out of Dame Prestley.

JAMES WEEDEN, of Newtown, L. I., that of *Albertina* for a ch. yearling filly by Imp. Trustee, out of Margaret Forrest by Richmond, out of Daphne. Also that of *Robert Newton* for a ch. c. foaled 1st June, 1840, own brother to the above filly.

E. WARFIELD, jr., Esq., of Lexington, that of *Miss Leslie* for his b. f. foaled in May last, by Sir Leslie, out of Suzette. This filly is in the Gold Stake.

THE "NEW THEORY OF STALLIONS."

"PENDLETON," IN REPLY TO "A."

DEAR P.: I have just received the June number of the "Am. Turf Register," which is decidedly one of the most interesting that has been published.

I think "A.'s" reply to "Pendleton" able and ingeniously written, although I fear yourself or readers may conclude that we have more pertinacity than discretion. I have one serious objection to "A.'s" last communication, and that is his dividing my last observations, and reserving to himself the right of reply, for aught I know, until the June number of next year. I am an old man, and to be obliged to take medicine in broken doses is repulsive; but that is not the essence of the joke. Suspense to the mind is like the toothache. It disturbs our worship of Momus. If in future I am bound to take "A.'s" pieces in broken doses, I shall take the liberty, as a set off, to desire him to read a letter in the "Spirit of the Times" of 30th May last, signed "Blue Rock," addressed to Prince Albert, upon the subject of "Running Four Mile Heats in England." Also the article in the June number of the "Turf Register," over the signature of "B. C. W." There is just one word in that piece that I wanted to use from the first (*disparaging*), but you recollect since Nullification we have been at Zero.

PENDLETON.

TURF REGISTER.

Blood Stock of CAPT. NICHOLAS DAVIS, *of Limestone Co., Ala.*

BROOD MARES.

No. 1.—KITTY CLOVER, b. m., foaled 1825, got by Sir Charles out of Black Eyed Susan (known as the "little yellow mare") by Imp. Dungannon; her dam Purity by Imp. Spread Eagle—Dictator—Royal Oak, &c. &c. Kitty Clover will long be remembered in the South West, for the splendid style in which she won numerous races from One to Four mile heats, against the best of her day. Black Eyed Susan, the dam of Kitty Clover, was owned by Mr. H. B. WHITE, Woodford County, Ky., who ran her with great success at all distances; and Purity, the g. d., was the only horse WM. T. BANTON, of Lexington, could not break down by severe discipline. She (Purity) was never beaten, and was very distinguished both for speed and stoutness.

Her Produce.

1834. *Scipio*, b. h. by Imp. Leviathan, (he is about 15 hands 3 inches high, bay without white, and in good form—won five times and was beaten twice.)

1836. *Bissextile*, b. h. by Imp. Leviathan, (this horse is 16 hands high, very lengthy, and in high form—started only once, in the Spring of 1839, when quite green, and was beaten.)

1838. *Glenara*, ch. f. by Imp. Glencoe, (very promising and heavily engaged.)

1840. ——— by Imp. Leviathan.

No. 2. DESIGN, (Imp.) ch. m. foaled 1827, and imported by E. H. BOARDMAN, Esq., in 1835; got by Tramp, out of Defiance by Rubens, out of Folly by Highland Fling, &c. &c. (Defiance is the dam of Defence, one of the most popular stallions in England—of Dangerous, winner of the Derby in 1831, and now the best stallion in the French Government Stud—of Imp. Delight, a good winner, now owned by Jas. Jackson, Esq., and others of note.

Her Produce.

1837. *De Lattre*, br. c. by Imp. Consol, (15 hands high, very powerful and racing like, now in training and heavily engaged.)

1838. *Jim Bradley*, ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, (15 hands high, very handsome, and engaged in several stakes.)

1839. *Joe Bradley*, ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, (fine size, and of great promise—is in the Alabama Stakes at Nashville, Fall of 1843, $2000 entrance, 14 subs.)

1840. ——— by Count Badger, (engaged in the Trial Stakes at Nashville, Fall of 1843, $1000 entrance, 25 subs.)

No. 3. TIMORA, a b. m., bred by Nicholas Davis in 1826, by Timoleon, out of Poll McLaughlin by Suwarrow, her dam by Diomed. Timora could run, and her produce, Authentic, Honeydew, (sold to Col. ROBT. SMITH for $1,100, who changed her name to *Old Mistress*) and others have been distinguished winners, affording satisfactory evidence by their performance and bloodlike appearance, of thorough breeding, though the papers to establish the purity of Old Poll's blood have unfortunately been lost or destroyed. Suwarrow, though not found in the Stud Book, was beyond doubt a thorough-bred of the best blood, and happily for those who have any of his stock, the papers to establish that fact are in the possession of Capt. Davis. He was bred by Thomas Ford in 1803, was got by Columbus,—his dam (bred by Daniel Hunt, of N.J.,) was by Imp. Venetian, her dam by Imp. Figure,—Miss Slamerkin by Imp. Wildair—her dam the Cub mare imported by Mr. De Lancey, of N.Y. Columbus was by Imp. Pantaloon out of Lady Northumberland (imported by Col. Tayloe,) by Northumberland—her dam by Shakspeare—Regulus—Partner's Snip—Old Partner, &c. &c.

Her Produce.

1834. *Authentic*, ch. g. by Imp. Leviathan.

1835. *Honeydew*, ch. f. by Count Badger.

1836. *Pat Nagle*, b. c. by Count Badger, (he is 15 hands 3 inches in height,—in high form, and of immense power—has won twice and lost one race.)

1837. B. c. by Imp. Consol, (died at 2 years old.)

1839. *Tallmadge*, bl. c. by Count Badger.

No. 4. SUKEY PEPPER, bay, by Rockingham, dam by Truxton, g. d. by Hall's Diomed, &c. (Sukey Pepper was bred

in Tennessee, and was considered one of the speediest mile nags in the State.)

Her Produce.

1836. *Creosote*, b. f. by Imp. Leviathan.
1837. Br. f. by Imp. Consol, (a very beautiful animal, 15 hands high, of great power and racing-like form.)
1839. *Geo. Foote*, ch. c. by Imp. Glencoe.

No. 5. PIONY, ch. m., bred by Capt. Davis in 1834, got by Count Badger, out of Pocahontas by Sir Alfred—her dam by Imp. Tom Tough—Hamilton—Bellair—Lady Willis by Imp. Janus—Jolly Roger, &c. Piony was a winner of 8 or 10 races at all distances.

No. 6. SAL ÆRATUS, b. f., sister to Piony,—was injured in the whirlbone-joint, and never ran successfully.

STALLIONS

No. 1. COUNT BADGER, a ch. h., bred in 1826 by Bela Badger, near Bristol, Pa., was got by American Eclipse, out of Young Nettletop (also bred by Mr. Badger) by Hickory (the celebrated Virginia race horse), out of Nettletop by Imp. Diomed—her dam by Imp. Shark—Lindsey's Arabian—Old Mark Anthony—Imp. Silver-eye—Imp. Crawford—Imp. Janus, out of Gen. Spottiswood's imported mare.

But few of the get of Count Badger have been out, not having had many thorough-bred mares until lately, but out of six that have started 5 have been winners.

No. 2. FREE JACK, a b. h., bred in 1836, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Napoleon—15 hands 2 inches high, of great power and speed—has won 4 times.

COLTS & FILLIES.

Ch. c., 3 years old, by Imp. Leviathan, out of the dam of Long-tailed-blue—a large and likely colt.

Bay filly, 1 year old, by Imp. Glencoe, out of Poll McLaughlin (dam of Timora, Sam Patch, Delancy, &c.) by Suwarrow. This is a beautiful filly, of good form and fine action.

N.B. Judge Lane (son-in-law to Capt. Davis) owns the last two and one half of Free Jack.

NICHOLAS DAVIS.

Marengo, May, 1840.

Addition to the Stock of L. P. CHEATHAM, Esq., *of near Nashville, Tenn. Continued from vol. x. p.* 584.

No. 1. ISABELLA, b. m., foaled 1821; was got by Sir Archy, out of Blackghost by Lightfoot's Imp. Oscar [see Turf Register, vol. iv. p. 491]. She is the dam of Anvil, Drone, Picton, Harkaway, Old Dominion, and others. Stinted the Spring of 1840 to Imp. Merman.

No. 2. TRUMPETTA, ch. m., foaled in 1831; got by Mons. Tonson, dam by Sir Archy, grandam old Agnes. [See Turf Register, vol. i. p. 53.] Stinted to Picton.

No. 3. INDIANA, ch. m., foaled 1829; got by Contention, out of Missouri (the dam of Fanny Wyatt) by Sir Hal. [See Turf Register, vol. iv. p. 491.] Stinted to Imp. Merman.

No. 4. FANNY TOWNES, gr. m., foaled in 1834; was got by Eclipse, out of Nancy Townes by Shylock, grandam by Imp. Wrangler, g. g. dam by Imp. Shark (Col. Alexander's Opossum filly), g. g. g. dam by Goode's Old Twigg—Imp. Fearnought—Imp. Jolly Roger—Old Mark Anthony—Imp. Monkey, etc. Stinted to Imp. Merman.

No. 5. MARY WYNN, b. m., foaled in 1833; got by Eclipse, out of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, grandam by Imp. Robin Red Breast—Imp. Obscurity—Miss Slamerkin by Imp. Wildair—Imp. Cub Mare, etc. Stinted to Imp. Merman.

No. 6. VICTORIA, ch. m., foaled in 1833; got by Eclipse, out of Catherine Warren by Virginian, grandam by Imp. True Blue—Imp. Cœur de Lion—Imp. Fearnought—Federalist. Stinted to Imp. Merman.

No. 7. TIPTON, b. m., foaled 1834; got by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Director, grandam by Imp. Archduke, g. g. dam old Agnes, etc. Stinted to Imp. Merman.

No. 8. LUCINDA, ch. m., foaled 1834; got by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Junius, grandam by Sir Archy, g. g. dam old Agnes, etc. Stinted to Imp. Ainderby.

No. 9. GASS LIGHT, b. f., foaled in 1836; got by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Flirtilla. Capt. Jas. N. Fletcher, of Alabama, owns half of Gass Light.

No. 10. MARTHA WASHINGTON, ch. m., foaled in 1833; got by Sir Charles, out of No. 1.

No. 11. HARKAWAY, b. h., foaled in 1831; got by Merlin, out of No. 1.

No. 12. PICTON, br. h., foaled 1834; by Imp. Luzborough, out of No. 1.

No. 13. OLD DOMINION, foaled 1836; got by Eclipse, out of No. 1.

No. 14. NETTA RIGGS, got by Imp. Priam, out of No. 1.

No. 15. MALCOLM, b. h., foaled 1827; got by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Alfred, etc. [See Turf Register, vol. iv. p. 490.] One half of Malcolm is owned

by a company in Kentucky, near Cadiz.

No. 16. St. Cloud, br. h., foaled in 1835; got by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, grandam by Imp. Bedford—Imp. Dare-Devil—Wildair—Flimnap—Fearnought—Imp. Monkey mare, out of a Natural Barb mare.

No. 17. Compact, br. h., by Merlin, out of the dam of St. Cloud.

No. 18. Sabine, b. h., foaled in 1835, by Imp. Sarpedon, out of No. 3.

No. 19. Sarah Hicks, gr. f., foaled in 1838; got by Andrew, out of Nancy Townes, the dam of No. 4.

No. 20. Queen of the West, by Priam, out of No. 1.

No. 21. Excel, ch. f., foaled in 1840, by Imp. Margrave, out of No. 3.

No. 22. Fame, b. f., foaled 1840, by Imp. Margrave, out of No. 4.

No. 23. Prima, b. f., foaled in 1840, by Picton, out of No. 6.

No. 24. Picayune, ch. c., foaled in 1840, by Imp. Belshazzar, out of No. 7.

No. 25. Bellissima, ch. f., foaled in 1840, by Imp. Belshazzar, out of No. 10.

No. 26. Rubicon, b. c., foaled 1840, by Imp. Skylark, out of Geranium (who died of colic on the 11th of June last). See Turf Register, vol. x. p. 584.

No. 27. Butterfly, ch. f., foaled in 1840, by Imp. Skylark, out of Katy Ann by Ogle's Oscar.

No. 28. Italia, b. f. foaled in 1840; by Imp. Skylark, out of Maria Louisa. See Turf Register, vol. x. p 584.

No. 29. Wings, b. f., foaled 1840; by Imp. Skylark, out of Panama. See Turf Register, vol. x. p. 584.

No. 30. Pigeon-wing, ch. f., foaled in 1840, by Imp. Skylark, out of Alice Riggs.

No. 31. Raven, bl. or br. f., foaled in 1840; got by Picton, out of Brunette. See Turf Register, vol. x, p. 584.

No. 32. Gus Tompkins, b. c., got by Picton, dam by Imp. Leviathan, grandam by Gallatin, g. g. dam by Sartorius (he by Imp Alderman)—Imp. Dare-Devil—Bellair, etc. This colt is joint property with Mr. John Tompkins.

L. P. Cheatham.

Nashville, Tenn., June 16, 1840.

Pedigree of Falconi, *the property of* Cole Dickerson, Esq., *of Louisa County, Va.*

Falconi, ch. c., bred by Thomas P. Atkinson, of Chesterfield County, Va., foaled Spring of 1832; was got by Sir Charles, out of Effie Deans by Farmer's Florizel—Gen. Jones' Cœur de Lion—Imp. Robin Redbreast—Imp. Dare-devil—Imp. Porto—Imp. Obscurity—Miss Slamerkin by Imp. Wildair—Imp. Cub by Cub—Second—Starling.

Farmer's Florizel was got by Ball's Florizel, out of a mare by Imp. Clockfast, grandam by Mark Anthony, g. g. dam by Imp. Jolly Roger.

John Jaquelin Ambler.

Jaquelin Hall, May 24, 1840.

Pedigree of Wagner, *the property of* Mr. John Campbell, *of Baltimore, Maryland.*

Wagner, ch. c., bred by Daniel Dugger, Esq., of Brunswick County, Va., and foaled in 1834. He was got by Sir Charles, out of Maria West (bred in North Carolina by Mr. Wm. M. West) by Marion, grandam Ella Crump (a brown mare, as certified by Mr. West, page 425, "Am. Turf Register," vol. iv.) by Imp. Citizen, g. g. dam by Huntsman, g. g. g. dam by Wildair, g. g. g. g. dam by Fearnought, g. g. g. g. g. dam by Janus, etc.

Baltimore, Md., July, 1840.

The Captain, ch. h., foaled in 1831; got by Rob Roy (son of Gracchus), out of Philadelphia by Gen Ridgely's Young Oscar (son of Tuckahoe, out of an Oscar mare, her dam by Imp. Medley—Cub—Tamerlane—Gov. Sharpe's Juniper mare, &c.), grandam by Bond's First Consul, g. g. dam by Imp. Obscurity—Moll by Grey Figure—Miss Slamerkin by Wildair—De Lancey's famous imported Cub mare.

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Duane, br. h., foaled in 1834; got by Imp. Hedgford, out of Goodloe Washington by Washington (son of Timoleon), grandam by Eaton's Columbus (son of Sir Archy), g, g. dam by Gallatin—Imp. Cœur de Lion—Rosetta by Centinel—Diana by Clodius—Imp. Starling—Imp. mare Silver.

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Washington, ch. h., foaled in 1819; got by Timoleon, out of Ariadne by Imp. Citizen, grandam by Syme's Wildair, g. g. dam by Silver Eye—Yorick.

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Eaton's Columbus, by Sir Archy, out of Harpsichord by Imp. Cœur de Lion—Malbrook by Imp. Mexican—Cub—Imp. Fearnought—Imp. Jolly Roger—Imp. Kitty Fisher, &c.

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Tippecanoe (Trump) ch. c., foaled in 1836; got by the Ace of Diamonds, out of Philadelphia, (The Captain's dam).

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Washington, ch. h., foaled in 1836; got by Rattler out of "the Consul mare" (The Captain's grandam).